

YOUNG GLORY

PATRIOTIC WAR STORIES

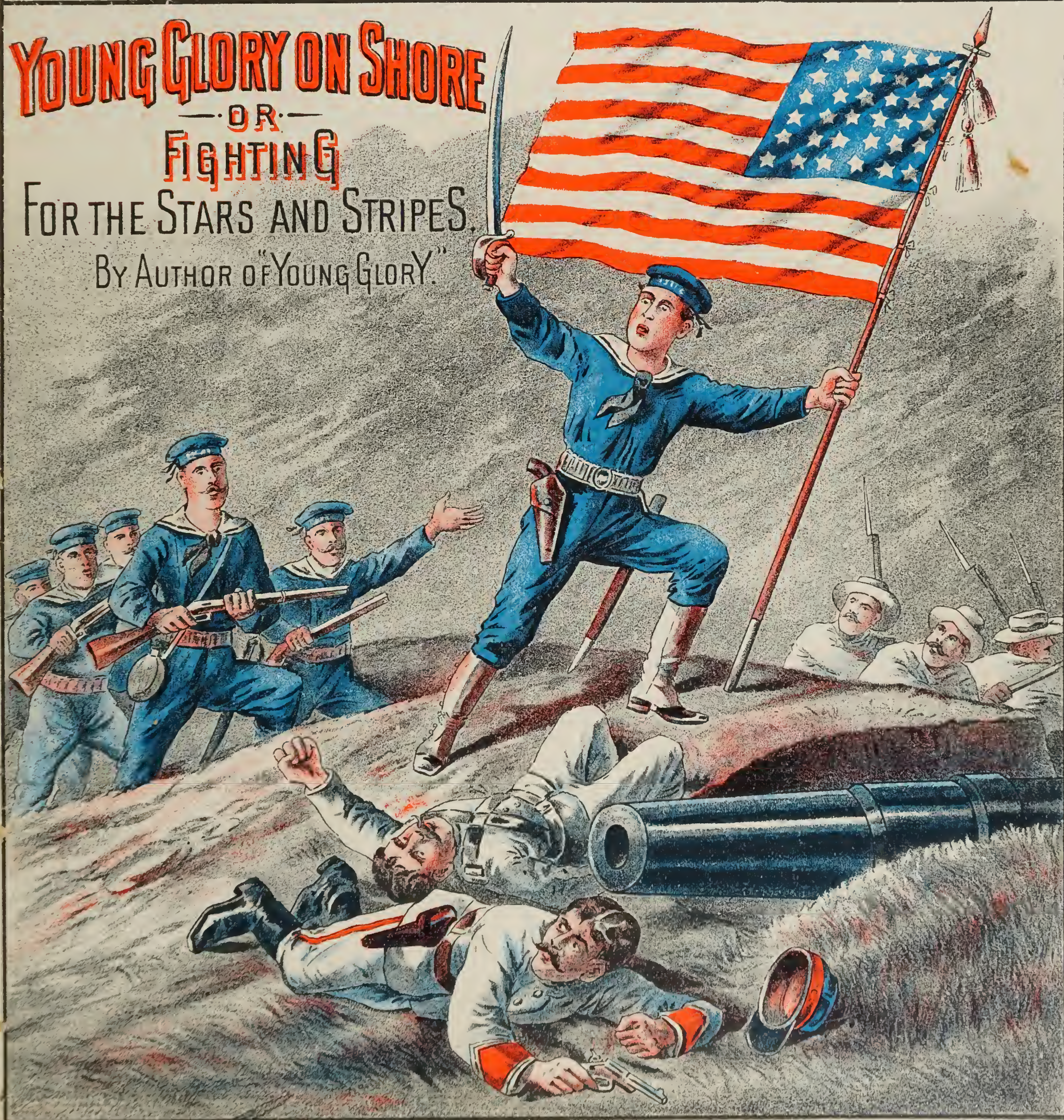
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No. 2.

NEW YORK, April 8, 1898.

Price 5 Cents.

YOUNG GLORY ON SHORE —OR— FIGHTING FOR THE STARS AND STRIPES. BY AUTHOR OF "YOUNG GLORY."



Young Glory led the attack on the Spanish fort, grasping the colors firmly as he ran. "Victory!" he cried, waving his sword; "the day is ours!"

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YOUNG GLORY ON SHORE; — OR — FIGHTING FOR THE STARS AND STRIPES.

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CHAPTER I.

YOUNG GLORY AND THE DYING SPANIARD—HE CLAIMS HIS REWARD.

"You are dying!" said Young Glory, as he bent over the Spaniard. "No human power can save you now."

"I know it, my friend," answered the wounded officer, in a faint voice. "Thanks," he murmured, as he drank some water from a cup which Young Glory placed to his lips.

Then he fell back on the deck of the vessel, closing his eyes and looking as if the end had come.

Young Glory saw that he still lived, and raising the dying man's head, he placed under it some canvas, which he rolled up to form a pillow. The Spaniard, too weak to speak, smiled his thanks.

It was on the deck of a Spanish despatch boat, anchored about ten miles from Gibraltar. Boats from the United States cruiser Columbia had attacked the Spanish ship under cover of the night, and boarding her she had been taken after a desperate resistance.

The aspect of the deck, strewn with the dead and the dying, bore witness to the fury of the fight.

The man for whom Young Glory had been caring was the commander of the vessel. He had received several wounds, the one that was mortal being a pistol shot near the heart.

"Poor fellow!" said Young Glory, "his cruising days are over. Well, I can do no more for him, and there may be others who need attention."

"Senor, senor!"

"Ah! he lives still," exclaimed Young Glory, turning back. "Did you speak, captain?"

"Yes, senor. Will you do me a kindness?"

"Surely."

"Open my jacket, then. Thanks. You find a locket there? Very well, I want you to take it."

Young Glory saw that it was valuable, for on the front of the locket was a large cross, set in diamonds, which glittered brightly when the lights fell upon them. Opening the locket, in obedience to the officer's request, the portrait of a beautiful Spanish girl was revealed.

"My betrothed!" he murmured. "Listen! senor, her name is Inez Mora, and she lives at Seville. Promise me, that you will give her this locket, and tell her that I died with her name upon my lips."

"If I live it shall be done."

"You will keep your word; you are a good man."

"Oh, I don't know about that; can't see I've done anything special."

"You have been kind to me, your mortal enemy."

"Captain, I, am an American. We don't fight with wounded men, and when the battle's over, we recognize that all men are brothers."

"It is a noble creed. Would that my countrymen felt the same. There is a ring on my finger, senor, take it and keep it as the dying gift of Manuel Perez. Now, tell me your name, senor. I should like to hear it before I die."

"I am called Young Glory."

"A strange name, but it has a heroic sound, Young Glory. I have heard that name before, senor. Yes, yes, it was from the lips of a girl, too. Where? Where?"

The man was near his end, and evidently his senses were deserting him, but he tried hard to collect his thoughts.

Young Glory put the water to his lips again, and this seemed to revive him.

"It was in the prison at San Jose, on the Bay of Cadiz. Ha! I shudder, senor, at the horrors I have seen there. I, a Spaniard, cower in shame at the cruelties practiced by my people on the unfortunate Americans who fall into their hands."

The blood rushed to Young Glory's head. A thrill of indignation passed over him. He had heard of the awful prison of San Jose, but until now he had not credited all the stories he had read. Now, from Spanish lips he heard a confirmation.

"Yes, yes," went on the dying man. "It was at San Jose I heard your name spoken. It is not one to be forgotten. We had captured a passenger steamer and had taken the crew and the rest of the people to San Jose. There was an American girl on board, beautiful and young. Whilst the others wept and seemed overcome with fright, she never showed any fear. If Young Glory had been here we would not have been taken. He saved us before!"

"Her name! Her name!" cried Young Glory, excitedly.

"I am trying to recollect it, senor. I have it, King, Kate King."

"Kate King, the New York girl I saved from the wreck of the Niagara, when I was with the White Squadron. So she has not forgotten me."

"If you had seen her face you would know it. Ah, I am dying, ah——"

A stream of blood gushed from the officer's mouth.

Young Glory raised him and pressed his hand.

"Senor," he said, anxiously, "you know where that girl is?"

There was no answer.

"Speak! I implore you!"

The dying man's lips moved. It was clear he had heard Young Glory's question and was trying to answer, so he was still conscious.

"He's saying something," said Young Glory.

He placed his ear close to the lips of the dying man.

"She is in the prison of San Jose."

"Heaven protect her!" gasped Young Glory, letting the Spaniard's hand fall.

There was a sigh, like the echo of Young Glory's prayer, and Manuel Perez was dead.

With brain bursting at what he had heard, Young Glory hurried away. There was work to be done, and he threw himself eagerly into it, still thinking, however, of Kate King in the awful prison of San Jose.

The decks of the despatch boat, were being cleared. The dead were thrown overboard, one after another, the wounded were being hastily cared for.

"Young Glory!" cried Lieutenant Lawrence, the officer in charge. He had been a naval cadet on the Indiana until promoted.

"Yes, sir."

"Send the Spanish engineer to me, and come back with him. I'll want you to act as interpreter."

"Ay, ay, sir."

Back came Young Glory in a few minutes with the engineer walking just behind him, with his cutlass held towards him.

"A bit obstinate, sir. I had to prick him with the point before he'd move."

"Tell him to get up steam at once."

"He says it will take two hours before the ship's ready to start."

"I don't believe it. The fires are banked, for I've seen them. Let him spread them."

"He says it will take two hours."

"You tell him, Young Glory, that if we are not away from here, and under full steam, or nearly so, in half an hour, I'll use his fat body for fuel."

Young Glory drove his prisoner back to the engine room, and remained with him so as to see he did not trifle with his work. He need not have done so, for the man was completely cowed. Lieutenant Lawrence's threat had appalled him. He did not know the difference between American and Spanish officers, and he was aware that his own countrymen would not have hesitated to adopt such a course.

The anchor was weighed. Inside of the allotted time, the despatch boat was steaming out of the shallow water towards the Columbia, which was lying to some miles from land.

The cruiser's boats, which the boarding party had used, were towed after the vessel.

The Columbia could not be seen in the darkness. She was displaying no light. The port-holes and air scuttles were carefully masked, and the cabin and ward room lights were hidden. The despatch boat fired a gun, and a minute later it was answered. By the sound the cruiser was located, and ten minutes later the despatch boat was alongside.

When the Columbia's men saw the boarding party returning victorious, they gave three rousing cheers.

The wounded were the first consideration. Americans and Spaniards were treated with equal care by the medical officers and laymen, and taken instantly into hospital.

There Lieutenant Long made his report of the fight to Captain Porter, commanding the Columbia.

"Very hot while it lasted, sir," he said, "and there was a time when I thought our men would be beaten back. The enemy's fire was terrible."

"Rifles?"

"No; worse, sir. They had two Maxim guns on board, and with them they swept the deck, mowing our men down like grass. The men were rallied more than once, sir."

"You led them very bravely, Mr. Lawrence. I have heard of your gallantry, and it shall not be forgotten."

"I did my best, sir," answered the young officer, modestly. "Do what we would, though, we couldn't take these guns: the Spaniards had raised a barricade, and our men were killed before they could get to it."

"But you took the ship?"

"Yes, sir, and I'll tell you how. Suddenly, just as we were making a charge, we noticed that the Maxims were silent. Something had happened in our favor, though we didn't know what. At the guns, lads!" I shouted, grasping the chance. Forward dashed the storming party."

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed Captain Porter, with glistening eyes.

"Up to the barricade we rushed, only the fire of a few rifles ringing out now. Then we saw what was taking place. In a ring stood Young Glory."

"What!"

"Young Glory, sir," continued the lieutenant. "He had gone overboard, then climbed the ship's side, and had thrown himself amongst the Spaniards around the guns. He pistoled two men and cut down three others with his cutlass. This silenced the guns for a time and gave us the ship."

"Young Glory did this?"

"I have said so, sir. When we reached him he was defending himself desperately against fearful odds. He should be rewarded, sir."

"He will accept nothing, Mr. Lawrence. He was a seaman when he was the hero of the White Squadron, and he is a seaman still. What can I do?"

"He is here, sir."

"Young Glory," said Captain Porter.

"Yes, sir," answered the young sailor, saluting.

"Your heroic action of to-night not only saved many valuable lives, but resulted in the capture of the Spanish ship. Can I do something for you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah! Ah!" said Captain Porter, with a smile. "I thought some day you would accept. You could not refuse forever."

"I want no promotion," answered Young Glory, firmly.

"Then how shall I reward you?" asked Captain Porter, in surprise.

"In one way, sir!" cried Young Glory, in ringing tones. "By capturing San Jose, the Spanish prison!"

CHAPTER II.

YOUNG GLORY LANDS—IN THE POWER OF A SPANISH SPY.

THE officers looked at him in amazement.

"What special interest is the capture of San Jose to you, Young Glory?" asked Captain Porter.

Young Glory's answer was to relate what he had heard from Manuel Perez, the dead commander of the despatch boat.

"Even he, a Spaniard, said he shuddered, sir, at the horrors he had seen there."

"Yes, yes, Young Glory, it is an awful place. I have heard much about it, and I know it is almost impossible to exaggerate the cruelties of which these miserable Spaniards are capable. If I had the power I would assault San Jose and rescue our poor people."

"Sir, you have the power."

"What! with the few men I have? Two hundred men of the Fifth Regiment and some marines. That's the full strength I can muster for an attack. Recollect, I am not in Europe for such a purpose. My duties are to protect American shipping to the best of my ability, and to destroy that of the enemy."

"Besides," interposed Lieutenant Lawrence, "we know positively that the Bay of Cadiz is covered with submarine mines, that is, all the practicable channels

there are. It would be certain death for all on board if we attempted to sail up the bay."

"The despatch boat can be used, sir."

"Young Glory, how will that help?"

"In this way, sir. The Spaniards don't know that we have captured it, and flying a Spanish flag they will think that Manuel Perez still commands it."

"That's a good idea."

"Not worth that," answered Captain Porter, snapping his fingers. "Not worth that, Mr. Lawrence. The despatch boat would be blown to pieces by one of the contact mines. How would she know how to avoid them. She would run no risks from the mines fired from the shore, because they would take her for a Spaniard, but how about the contact mines?"

"Your objection is fatal, sir."

"I am not so sure of that, sir," said Young Glory, respectfully, "if you will allow me to speak."

"Your conduct to-night has entitled you to do so."

"Thank you, sir. This is what I was going to say, simply one question. How did Captain Perez know where the contact mines were?"

"Eh?"

"He must have known, or he would have been blown to pieces cruising about the bay."

"Why, that's true as gospel," cried the skipper.

"This is the answer," continued Young Glory; "on board the despatch boat is a chart showing the exact position of every mine. Search in the captain's cabin and you will find it."

"And we never thought of it. This boy is teaching us our business, besides doing all the fighting. The chart shall be looked for, and I have no doubt be found."

"And if it is, sir, how about San Jose?"

"I will not pledge myself to make an attack till I know more."

"But, sir, you will allow the despatch boat to enter the Bay of Cadiz and land a party?"

"Enter the bay, yes. But land? Well, now, where's the man crazy enough to do such a thing?"

"I am that man, sir."

"No, no, Young Glory! We can't afford to lose you yet. There will be plenty of fighting, and you must be in it! 'Twould be a poor end to your brilliant career to know that you were hung as a spy."

"The rope isn't made for that purpose, sir. I have no fear. I have faith in my destiny."

"A woman's eyes will do much, sir," said Lieutenant Lawrence. "I have seen Kitty King, the lady who is one of the prisoners at San Jose. She is as brave as she is beautiful."

"She saved my life," cried Young Glory. "I should be a coward if I abandoned her to her fate!"

"Young Glory," said Captain Porter, moved by what he had heard, "have your wish."

"You consent, sir?"

"To your going ashore, yes. Mr. Lawrence will take the despatch boat, run into the bay, getting as close to the shore as practicable. As to landing, that you must arrange with him. I can say nothing, be-

cause circumstances will have to guide you. It seems to me that your first step must be to go on a reconnoitering expedition. Inspect the prison and its approaches, if you can, and by the information you bring back, I shall be guided in deciding whether or not to make an attack."

Lieutenant Lawrence was as delighted as Young Glory. He was a gallant officer, and now he saw an opportunity afforded him of distinguishing himself.

The lieutenant was not much older than Young Glory.

"Come with me, Young Glory."

"Where are we going, sir?"

"To look for that chart."

In the captain's room of the captured despatch vessel they very soon found what they sought for. The channels leading to the various towns on the Bay of Cadiz were marked, showing all the mines that had been laid down.

"To-morrow we'll start."

"You think you can run the boat in safely, sir?"

"I shall do my best, Young Glory, though I don't mind telling you we're taking chances. It's all very well to have the mines marked, but it's quite another thing steering up a channel you've never seen before."

"Take the Spanish prisoners with you."

"Why?"

"Because some of them know the way for certain, sir. No need to threaten them. They'll do their best, knowing that if we are blown to pieces, they're in the same boat with us."

"That's great. It shall be done."

The following day Lieutenant Long sailed away in the captured vessel, and he found, as he anticipated, considering the purpose for which she had been used, that she was very speedy.

One of the Spaniards on board, not wishing to run against a mine, undertook to steer the ship.

"And, now, about your going ashore, Young Glory. That's a point to be settled. How's it to be done? I suppose when the ship gets in close, you'll be off in a boat, eh?"

"No, sir. It's too risky."

"It's the only way."

"I won't try it. Someone would hear the noise of the oars. No, I shall swim ashore."

"Swim! Nonsense! You may have to swim a couple of miles!"

"If I have it won't hurt me. A wetting! What of that? I'll soon dry. Recollect how I used to swim when we were with the White Squadron off Cuba? The sea won't hurt me; the dangers only commence when I land."

Young Glory had his way, and that night, when the despatch boat was about a mile from shore, he sprang over the side.

The sea was still, the night was warm, and Young Glory rather enjoyed the exercise.

He went steadily on, until he knew by the sound of the surf beating on the shore, that he was getting

into shallow water. Soon he touched bottom, and very shortly he was on the beach, shaking himself violently, to get rid of some of the moisture that clung to his clothes.

"Now my troubles commence," said the boy to himself. "I have to find the prison of San Jose, and all I know in the way of direction is what I heard from one of the prisoners. Well, here goes. I'll trust to luck as usual."

Along the beach he walked for more than two miles, seeing no path to ascend to the bluff above. The walk had one advantage, it dried his clothes.

"Lights!" he exclaimed suddenly. "A town, I suppose. Ha! that must be Puerta St. Maria. Looks as if I'll have to get through the place. Well, I have a Spanish costume on, and I talk the lingo like a native, so I'm not afraid."

A creek ran in from the sea towards the town for a considerable distance. Up this creek Young Glory had wandered, and now he saw a light, very faint, but still perceptible, on the creek itself.

"It's a ship moored to the wharf," he muttered. "People aboard too. Good! I can hear their voices, and if I can get near enough I'd listen and perhaps get a few pointers."

The young seaman had no difficulty in reaching the ship. It was a small sailing vessel, or fishing boat probably, and in the little cabin were several men judging from the noise they made.

Young Glory listened for some minutes, but he was unable to distinguish a word that was said. There was nothing but a confused babel of sound. He was quick in action, though. In an instant he had crept on board and glided softly along the deck of the vessel.

Posting himself at the hatchway, the window of which was open, he hoped to meet with better success.

Once more he was disappointed.

It was simply a drinking scene that was taking place in the cabin. Young Glory could hear the clinking of glasses and the half-tipsy talk of the revellers, but, beyond the fact that Spanish was the language spoken, he could discover nothing.

"This is amazing," he said, half aloud. "By jingo! it's important for me to know what's going on. I wish I could make out what they're saying."

"Do you, indeed, senor?" said a soft voice at his ear, and as the words were uttered, Young Glory felt the cold steel of a six-shooter pressed against his temple.

Young Glory was thunderstruck. How he had allowed the stranger to reach his side in this manner he could not conceive.

The situation was terrible. He was in the man's power and death seemed certain. Not death when fighting gallantly against the enemy, or in leading a desperate charge, but an end as miserable as that of a rat in a trap.

"Senor!" continued the stranger, speaking in the most polite manner possible, "it seems a pity that

we should waste our time here. Below are good cheer, and pleasant companions. Let us descend."

The invitation was a command. When a man stands within a few feet of you with a loaded six-shooter, if you are wise you will obey his orders.

A few steps brought Young Glory and his captor to the cabin. Small as it was, three men were there, seated round a little rickety table, on which were some glasses and a bottle that contained brandy.

The men were not sober. Furious at the interruption, they sprang to their feet, each man as he did so seizing his pistol.

"Down! Down! you drunken dogs!" cried Young Glory's captor. "Down! I say, gentlemen," he continued, in a milder tone, as they resumed their seats, "I have brought you a visitor. It is possible you may have heard of him. He is the famous American seaman, Young Glory."

The three men uttered a cry of mixed surprise and rage.

Young Glory, hearing himself introduced in this manner, turned quickly to see who his captor was. He recognized him instantly and was overcome with amazement.

It was Jose Castro, the Spanish spy!

CHAPTER III.

THE FATE OF JOSE CASTRO—ANOTHER GREAT SURPRISE.

"JOSE CASTRO!" he cried. "Alive!"

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the spy. "You ought to know whether I'm alive or not."

"Then when you jumped overboard from the Indiana after you tried to blow up the magazine you were saved?"

"I'm alive," answered Jose, curtly, "that's enough."

"What does this mean, Jose?" asked one of the tipplers. "Can't we make merry without having our fun interrupted?"

"Who wants to disturb you?"

"What's this young man doing here?"

"I found him on deck, Valdes. He was trying to hear what you were saying, and so I brought him along where he could hear, and yet he don't look satisfied. I think I was right, boys."

"Jose, you are always up to your fun. Then this young man is a spy?"

"Valdes, Valdes, respect his feelings!" cried Jose, in pretended anger. "Call him an American traveler, seeking information."

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" laughed the ruffians.

Jose took a large glass of brandy and swallowed it at a gulp. Then he filled it again and repeated the operation.

"Yes, boys," he said, "we can afford to be merry. We've made a great capture to-night, and there's another cargo of prisoners been taken to San Jose."

"They'll be eating one another there soon," laughed Valdes, "for it's little the governor gives them to eat."

"Yankee pigs!" hissed Jose, his eyes glittering fiercely. "It's the right way to treat them."

Young Glory's blood boiled at the Spaniard's cold brutality, but he never spoke a word. He felt that he was in the most desperate situation of his whole life.

Jose had behaved fairly well up to now, but Young Glory knew that this politeness only masked his real intentions. What they were he was soon to find out.

"Senores!" said Jose, "I served on the same ship with Young Glory once, the American battle ship Indiana. I was doing the same kind of work there as he is here, seeking information, ha! ha! There the resemblance ends."

"How, Jose?"

"Why, I escaped and he——"

"Well!"

"He won't. There's a certain rope I know of on deck that will bear his weight very soon."

"It's a case of hanging, Jose?"

"Sure. Spies usually are killed I believe, when they're detected."

Young Glory could not complain. He knew the penalty before he undertook the work.

Yet, even with death staring him in the face, he thought less of himself than of the poor prisoners in San Jose, whom he hoped to have freed.

There seemed no possibility of escape. Four to one, they armed, and he without a weapon. Jose sat between him and the door, so that he could not dash out of the cabin.

"Young Glory?"

"Yes."

"What was your object in coming ashore?"

"Why should I tell you? I gain nothing by it. You mean to kill me, anyway."

"Who knows?"

"I know, Jose Castro, and therefore prefer not to waste my time. You will not get a word out of me!"

"Well, boys," said Jose, "we'll finish this bottle. Then we'll string him up. I have to be in Seville tomorrow, and it's a good way to travel."

To empty the bottle was a most congenial task for the three Spaniards, and they set themselves to work with great eagerness, Jose doing his share.

Young Glory watched them keenly. As the liquor ran low in the bottle, so much less time had he to live.

He noticed that the three Spaniards were quite tipsy now, and that Jose himself was under the influence of the strong drink he had been taking.

"By jingo," said Young Glory, "had I a six-shooter, I'd make a fight for life against these four scoundrels."

The man next to Young Glory was so drunk that he could scarcely sit up. More than once he had rolled over on Young Glory, and his comrades had to put him back in his seat. This circumstance set Young Glory thinking, and from it he derived some comfort.

Without appearing to do so, he watched his neighbor closely.

"Next time he comes over I'll try it," muttered the prisoner. "By jingo, I will!"

He had but a few minutes to wait. This time the drunken Spaniard rolled heavily onto Young Glory.

It was precisely what the latter wanted.

"You lubber!" he shouted, "isn't one seat enough for you? Shiver me, but you've smashed me!"

With these words Young Glory rolled violently over onto the floor, the drunken Spaniard clinging to him in his descent.

The cabin was very small, and the table, though not large, occupied most of the space. This table was swept out of the way. The bottles and glasses on it were thrown off.

The lamp was hurled to the floor, where it instantly smashed, leaving everything in darkness.

Young Glory was on the drunken Spaniard in a moment. He could not find the man's six-shooter, for this had dropped from his belt. But he got his hand on a dagger the man had been wearing, and he seized it instantly.

Rapidly Young Glory was on his feet again.

Dagger in hand he waited, unable to move without falling against one of his foes. That Jose Castro was between him and the door he knew, but if he stepped forward he might accidentally touch him, and the latter, having his six-shooter in hand all ready to fire, would kill him instantly.

Luck favored Young Glory now.

One of the Spaniards, who were on their feet, struck a match.

Young Glory had heard what was coming and stood waiting. By its first feeble glimmer he had detected Jose Castro.

Instantly he sprang on him, dagger in hand, and with a quick blow he buried the weapon up to the hilt in the Spaniard's breast.

Bang!

It was Jose's pistol exploding. But it had been fired aimlessly and did no harm. Valdes fired without any result, and as Jose, with a terrible cry of anguish, sank on the floor, Young Glory, waiting not a moment, dashed out of the cabin, up the companion, on to the deck, from thence to the shore and away.

He heard two steps on the companion. Then a noise as of someone falling heavily.

"They're too drunk to pursue me," muttered Young Glory. "A hot night's work, but I've settled accounts with Jose Castro, that's a consolation."

The lights in the town were out now.

Young Glory passed along the street without meeting with any one, and in a few minutes the houses were left behind, and the young adventurer found himself going along a country road, of which he knew nothing, with complete darkness around him.

Still, he had some idea of the direction in which San Jose lay, and he hoped to reach it, if he avoided losing his way. This was very likely to happen, he realized. In fact, it very soon came about.

He was brought up suddenly by finding himself in a large wood, composed of cork trees.

"By jingo, I've strayed off the road without knowing it," he said. "Guess I can find my way back again."

This was where he was out of his reckoning. He wasted an hour in his search, and at the end of it, he had the melancholy satisfaction of knowing that not only had he not found the road, but that he had lost all idea of where the prison was.

"Pleasant, I must say. What's to be done? Why, go straight ahead and trust to luck."

This was his decision, and he put it in force instantly. Now, he found himself going up an incline, and very soon the path became very steep.

"Why, Great Scott! I'm amongst the mountains. I'll have to sit down," said Young Glory; "for if I try to walk in this darkness I'll disappear over a precipice, that's sure."

The boy could make out some of the mountain peaks dimly, as he sat on a rock and reviewed the situation.

Then things took a turn for the better.

The moon rose, and although it was not nearly at full, it gave sufficient light to enable him to proceed.

On he went, mounting higher at every step.

"Anyway I'm pretty safe," he said to himself; "unless there are any Spanish bandits about these hills."

As he walked he kept his dagger in his hand, and this was the only weapon he had.

Once more Young Glory strayed off the bridle path, finding himself amongst some pines which grew up the mountain. A path, hardly perceptible, penetrated this grove of trees.

Young Glory never stopped. Through it he forced his way. His intention was to keep in the mountains till morning, hoping that when day came he might from this high ground be enabled to discover the prison. All at once he stopped.

"Music!" he exclaimed. "Well, that means that people are near; perhaps a house."

As he got nearer the sound that had disturbed him, his surprise became great. He could hear now, singing as well as music, and occasionally great shouts of laughter.

It was the air that was being played that had so astounded him. He could not make out the words that were being sung, for he was too far away to distinguish them. But the tune there was no mistaking. It was "Yankee Doodle!"

"This beats me!" he cried. "What in thunder does it mean? Some Spaniards, I guess, insulting my country. If they are, let them look out."

Young Glory's face was stern now.

Forward he pressed, and then through the trees he saw a faint light.

"The house!" he exclaimed.

Now it was necessary to be cautious. Young Glory crept along noiselessly having formed in his mind a plan of action.

He would, unless the odds were too great, overpower the people who were in the house, and then compel them to direct him on his way.

The sounds of merriment and music increased. It seemed as if a dozen men were in the little hut, by the noise that was being made. Certainly dancing was going on, for he could hear the pattering of the feet on the floor.

"That tune the fellow's playing on the violin is Yankee Doodle, right enough, and by jingo! I caught a word or two of English then."

Near him was a small window covered on the inside by a curtain, but with a small gap which enabled Young Glory to peep through.

His curiosity was so aroused that he determined to do so, and he considered that he ran little risk of being seen.

By standing on the fallen trunk of a tree, he was able to bring his eye on a level with the window. Then, taking care to make no noise, he took a good look at what was happening within.

His astonishment when he did so was so great that he almost fell backwards.

CHAPTER IV.

A LESSON IN PATRIOTISM—RUNNING FOR THEIR LIVES.

YOUNG GLORY looked again. This time he took in everything, and he found it a most remarkable scene.

On a table near the door sat a strange object.

He was dressed in an American naval uniform, very ragged and soiled. The hat was evidently missing, for its place was supplied by a cloth, which was wrapped around his head, turban fashion.

On one side of him was a drawn sword, on the other several bottles, evidently containing wine, and a number of cigars.

This individual was playing the fiddle vigorously, keeping strictly to the one tune, and only stopping at long intervals.

Before him, hopping about on the floor, were two Spaniards, and whenever they did not dance fast enough to please the musician, he put down his violin, and assuming a fierce expression, shook his sword at them. If ever there were two miserable looking creatures, Young Glory decided he saw them now.

The musician was no other than Dan Daly, the old boatswain's mate of the Indiana.

Dan had rendered Yankee Doodle into a mongrel dialect of English and Spanish, and occasionally he would shout forth a verse.

"Caramba!" he cried. "Faith! it's the word ye're always afther using, though it's meself don't know the manin' of it. Caramba! Isay! It's yer fortunes ye'd not be makin' on the stage. Begorra, it's not a hornpipe ye're dancin' at all, at all. Down on yer knees, ye spalpeens."

His words the dancers could not understand, but the signs that Dan made with his sword were quite sufficient. They dropped on the floor in front of him.

"Senores," said Dan, taking off his turban politely, "it's good American citizens I'm afther makin' of ye, an' it's my own illigant language ye'll be spakin' fore I'm through wid ye."

The Spaniards shook with fear, for they thought he was telling them he was about to kill them. They kept their eyes fixed on him with a dull look.

"Now, then, senores, ye'll follow me. Howld yer hats in yer right hands. Faith, ye're understandin' me now. Shure, an' I'm givin' ye yer first lesson in patriotism. Slowly, lads, after me. Now!"

With that Dan swung his turban violently over his head and shouted:

"Three cheers for the Stars an' Stripes!"

His pupils imitated his action, but the words were too much for them.

Young Glory could contain himself no longer.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" he shouted, and fairly roared with laughter. "Great Scott! this beats the deck!"

In an instant Dan was at the door, which he threw violently open. Sword in hand he stood, evidently expecting that an attack would be made upon him at once.

"Ahoy, there!"

It was Young Glory shouting, and now it was Dan's turn to be astonished. He let his sword drop to his side, but he rallied almost instantly.

"Arrah, don't be afther hidin' now! Come out wid ye, an' face me loike a man!"

"Surrender!" cried Young Glory, dashing forward. "You are my prisoner! Ha, ha! Don't you know me?"

Dan staggered back into the room.

As he did so, one of the Spaniards made a sign to his comrade, and instantly the two men sprang at the Irishman. Young Glory saw the movement, and intercepted it instantly.

He jumped forward, and landed one of the Spaniards a tremendous blow between the eyes with his fist, sending him reeling backwards, and putting out his foot he tripped up the other man.

"Shure, an' if I'd any doubts, it's the blow ye give wid yer fist settled them. It's Young Glory's the boy who hits loike that. My lad, how goes it? I'm mighty glad to see ye."

And the two old friends grasped each other's hands.

"Let's fix these two gentlemen up, Dan," said Young Glory, "and then we'll talk."

"It's roight ye are. It's troublesome the spalpeens are, an' afther all I've been tachin' them!"

The two Spaniards were "fixed up," as it was termed, in very summary fashion. They were tied hand and foot, and then thrown on the floor and rolled into the farthest corner of the room.

"Now, they're safe."

"Shure, an' how in thunder did ye know I was here?"

"I didn't. It was an accident. I'd came ashore from the Columbia, lost my way in the mountains, and strayed here, that's all."

"Faith, it's my way I lost, too."

"It's your life you'll be losin' next, if you're not a little more careful, Dan."

"Ye're jokin'."

"Never more serious in my life. Supposing a Span-

iard had heard you singing instead of me, what would have happened? I know, and so do you."

"Faith, an' I don't mind sayin', Young Glory, that I'd taken a good dose of wine. Ha! Ha!" laughed Dan, "but it was the great fun I was havin', all the same. An' what are ye doin' on shore, if I might be so bowld as to ask ye."

"I'm on the way to the prison of San Jose."

Dan sprang up with a look of utter amazement on his face.

"The prison of San Jose! Lookin' for it, are ye? Wantin' board and lodgin' there?" he added, sarcastically. "Ah! it's the illigant hotel they kape there."

"You know it?"

"Know it, ye ask? Murther! but it's three weeks I was afther boardin' there, an' if I hadn't moved when I did, I'd be restin' in the cowld ground now, my lad."

"Is it so bad as that?"

Dan Daly's face grew black with passion.

"It's demons they are, not men, Young Glory. Cells down below the ground, the bare earth to lie on, an' yer food, stinkin' food at that, thrown to ye as if ye were animals. It's many a poor fellow I've seen close his eyes an' die."

"Horrible, Dan! And so you escaped?"

"Shure. I was carried out by mistake, the villains thinkin' I was a corpse, an' begorra! it's small wonder they didn't know the difference."

"You don't look much like a corpse now, Dan."

"Thru for ye. It's the great toime I've had here. A week ago to-day I took possession of this place, an' I've lived iver since on wine an' the fat of the land, wid my two servants to wait on me."

"Ha, ha! Well, now to business. I've come on a pretty dangerous mission. We've heard of San Jose and of the horrors of the prison. Besides, Kitty King, who was on the Niagara, is there."

"No!"

"Yes, it's true, Dan, I had it from a Spanish officer who died. The end of it is that Captain Porter, my skipper, sent me ashore to find out the strength of San Jose, and whether it's possible for us to make a successful attack on it. We'll start, if you like, at once, Dan."

"Faith, there's no need. It's everything I can tell ye, insoide an' out."

"Is it well defended?"

"Yes. There's a fort formed of earth on the land side of San Jose. The sea an' the rocks kape it safe on the other."

"Can't we land there?"

"No, no."

"Why not?"

"There's some heavy guns, lad, in position; would blow ye all out of the wather."

"And the land side?"

"Faith, an' if ye could get near, it might be carried by a surprise."

"How far is San Jose from here, Dan?"

"About three miles."

"What sort of country?"

"Same as this, mostly mountain an' wood."

"Then if we landed near Puerta St. Maria where I came ashore, it would be possible to come through these hills and get near the prison without being seen. Doing it at night, of course."

"Begorra! but it might be done, an' it's mesilf would be proud to have a hand in it." Dan shook his fist violently. "It's the governor, Don Pedro, they were afther callin' him. Jist let me git a finger on ye, my hearty, an' it's the heaviest finger ye iver felt in yer life, ye'll be afther sayin'."

"What you tell me is good news, Dan."

"It's a guide we must have."

"That's true, Dan, for I couldn't undertake to lead the men through these hills."

"An' faith, I wouldn't thry."

"Let's be off."

"Where?"

"To Puerta St. Maria. We shall be there before daylight, if we're smart. But say, how about these men? They may betray us. Isn't it dangerous to leave them here?"

"Not if we're soon back."

"By jingo! I have it! The landing must take place to-morrow night. We must find our way back to this port, and take particular notice of the way we go, so that we lead the men up to this point."

"Go on."

"Then, Dan, when we get here we'll make one of these men act as our guide for the rest of the way."

"It's the great head ye still have, Young Glory."

"But it isn't swelled, Dan. Come, we've no time to waste."

Dan took a great pull at one of the bottles, then with a look of regret at the wine he was leaving behind, he followed Young Glory out of the hut, closing the door behind him and putting the key in his pocket.

There was now just enough light to enable them to see their way, and having traversed the wood rapidly, the pair came to the mule path in the mountains, after which all was plain sailing.

"It's only necessary now," said Young Glory, "to keep our eyes open and see that no one surprises us."

"Faith, it's himself'll have the surprise," said Dan, waving his sword in the air.

"You made a mistake, Dan. You should have put on the clothes of one of those Spaniards like I have done. If I'm seen I have no fears, but you. Great Scott! you give us away at once."

Dan shrugged his shoulders.

"I'd not be wearin' their dirty rags," he said. "Ha! that's the best sound my ears have heard for weeks. It's the waves beatin' on the shore."

"Cautious now, Dan. I think we'll pass those horses right enough."

And so they did, and went on until they came to the felucca from which Young Glory had barely escaped with his life.

"The ship where I killed Castro," whispered Young Glory.

"Jose Castro! Ah! that was an illigant strike!"

"And so is this."

Out of the darkness sprang a man, dagger in hand. Young Glory had a glimpse of his face, and recognized it instantly.

It was Valdes.

Like lightning he jumped at the Spaniard, seized him before he could deliver the blow that would have made a corpse of Dan Daly, and then with a tremendous effort he hurled him off the wharf. The Spaniard fell with a great splash between the felucca and the wall.

"Keep close to me, Dan. I know the way," cried Young Glory. "If ever we need to use our legs, it's now."

And like deer Dan and Young Glory ran, once they found themselves on the beach.

CHAPTER V.

BACK ON THE COLUMBIA—THE EXPEDITION LANDS.

"I DON'T think we're being followed, Dan."

"Who cares if we are?"

"I do."

"They can't catch us."

"Very likely not. And I don't want them to know we're going off to the despatch boat. Recollect that boat is supposed to be Spanish still, and if they knew different, she wouldn't be allowed to cruise about here."

"It's thrue."

"This way."

Without any explanation, Young Glory seized Dan and turned him towards the rocks that lay at the foot of the bluff.

"There's a pursuing party out, Dan."

"Crawl in under here, my lad."

Dan pointed to a great rock, which had been kept from lying flat on the beach by another great rock against which it had fallen.

"And you, Dan?"

"There's room for both, shure."

And so it proved, for both Dan and Young Glory had no difficulty in finding space in which to conceal themselves.

"Hist!"

"Well, Dan?"

"Supposin' the sthone should be afther fallin'."

"We'd be laid out flat. Keep quiet."

It was well that Young Glory gave this caution, for a Spaniard was now within a few yards of them, and many of his comrades were prowling about the beach.

For a few minutes matters looked critical. Then, to the immense relief of the fugitives, the Spaniard went away.

A few moments later the sounds of the pursuers' weapons clanking, as they made their way up to the bluff, were distinctly heard.

"Think we've left the beach. Good!" muttered Young Glory. "We'll wait and give them time to clear off. Then we'll go."

It was half an hour before Young Glory thought it advisable to move, and when they left their place of retreat, they kept close under the bluff to avoid being seen. Darkness had now set in again, for the moon had been completely obscured by the clouds, and this was in their favor.

"This is the place where I landed, Dan."

"Ye swum in?"

"Yes, and that's how we'll have to get out."

"Faith, an' it's cowl'd the water looks."

"An' wet, too," laughed Young Glory.

"Ye'll niver make the boat see ye. It's too black to-night intoirely."

"Wait. I brought a lantern ashore when I came, strapped around me. I hid the lantern, and if the oil hasn't run out and the water got in, we'll do."

Young Glory speedily found the lantern, and matches he had with him. He had carried them in a water-tight box, so of course they were perfectly dry.

The lantern was lit very soon, and then Young Glory held it out towards the sea, and as he did so a bright, red light was displayed.

"They don't see us!" groaned Dan, for there was no answering signal shown.

"I'll try again."

Once more Young Glory turned on the red light, and this time it was seen.

Almost instantly a green light showed like a star on the dark water.

Not a moment waited Young Glory now. He dashed into the water, Dan following, and when they had passed the breakers, they both struck out in the direction in which the light had appeared.

It was a long swim, and Dan was glad when it was over. He was greatly distressed when he was helped on board of the despatch boat. As for Young Glory, nothing seemed to fatigue him.

"It's a livin' wonder ye are," gasped Dan; "there am I twice yer size, an' begorra, it's less breath I have than ye, afther all."

"If that's not Dan Daly speaking?" cried a hearty voice, "then I'm not Jack Lawrence. How are you, Dan?"

And the lieutenant waiving every thought of rank in his delight at meeting his old boatswain's mate of the Indiana, grasped Dan by the hand and wrung it heartily.

Whilst the despatch boat was making its way out of the Bay of Cadiz towards the Columbia, Young Glory told his story. When he came to the part where he described Dan teaching the two Spaniards how to become good American citizens, Lieutenant Lawrence nearly fell off his seat with laughing.

However, the information that Dan was able to give about San Jose was very valuable, and Lieutenant Lawrence walked the deck, carefully thinking over it.

When the cruiser was reached, he made Dan and Young Glory go with him to Captain Porter's room, so that the skipper might have the advantage of hearing everything that was to be told from their lips.

Captain Porter was deeply impressed with the importance of rescuing the poor Americans from the awful prison at San Jose, if it was possible for it to be done. It seemed to him, after listening to the two men, that there was a chance of success.

"A desperate undertaking, Mr. Lawrence," he said. "Yet humanity seems to demand that the attempt should be made."

"I ask nothing better than to have the honor of leading the expedition, sir."

"I don't know what to say," said the skipper, pacing his cabin. "The odds against us are fearful."

"Sir," said Dan Daly, saluting, "if ye'd seen the poor craythurs in the prison, as I did, ye'd thry an' save 'em, if ye lost yer ship an' ivery man on board."

"Dan Daly, you're right. It's a sacred duty. If it succeeds, the world will ring with the exploit. If it fails——"

"It will not!" cried Young Glory, excitedly. "Excuse me, sir, I should not have spoken. I was wrong to interrupt you."

"We're all human, my lad," said Captain Porter, kindly. "Now to settle details. How many men do you want, Mr. Lawrence?"

"The fewer the better, sir."

"So I think. Less danger of them being seen. Daly, how many soldiers had the Spaniards garrisoning the fort?"

"About seven hundred, Yer Honor."

"Then three hundred of ours will be enough?"

"Quite, sir."

"Very well. Mr. Lawrence, you will take the two hundred men of the Fifth Regiment, fifty marines, and fifty seamen. Young Glory will lead the seamen."

"Dan Daly is my superior, sir."

"Dan does not belong to this ship. If he does, it will be as a volunteer. But perhaps he won't."

Captain Porter, who loved a joke, winked at the lieutenant, and poor Dan turned red.

"It's not meself wants to be leadin'," he said, "but begorra, the man who's in San Jose before me'll have to sprint. It's Don Pedro, the owld governor, I'm afther callin' on, an' faith, he'd betther be out than in, when I'm around."

"How about guns, sir?"

"For what?"

"I want to know whether we shall take a howitzer with us?"

"Impossible. From what Young Glory said you have to travel through a country that's very mountainous. Carry as little as possible. No baggage, no food. If you take San Jose, it must be by the quickness of your movement in reaching there, and the gallantry with which you make the attack. Of the latter I have no doubt."

The Columbia and the despatch boat parted company, and before daylight more than ten miles separated them. It would not do for Spanish eyes to see them in close proximity.

All that day there was great excitement on the Columbia.

It says much for the valor of the sailors, that every blue jacket on board wished to make one of the fifty seamen who were to be led by Young Glory, and men who were left out looked upon it as a great disappointment, walking about the ship with gloomy faces.

"Once ashore, lad," said Dan, "I'll be afther feelin' aisy. It's the landin' that'll spoil us."

"We'll be taking big chances, that's sure," assented Young Glory. "Mr. Lawrence means to run the despatch boat close in to-night."

"And land from boats?"

"I suppose so. What else is there to be done?"

"Faith, that's thrue. Begorra, if we're not seen 'fore half our men's out of the wather it'll surprise Dan Daly, an' that's the gospel truth."

"If we are we shan't give up the job. We shall make the attack just the same."

"An' find instead of seven hundred men behind the walls of the fort there'll be more than double. Shure, it's the time they'll have to fetch up reinforcements."

"Don't croak, Dan. What happens can't be helped. We'll do our best, and don't you forget it."

Young Glory walked away, and looking over the ship's side he was just able to make out a speck upon the ocean. It was the despatch boat returning slowly towards the cruiser, for in half an hour it would be quite dark, and it was not policy to waste any time.

The men were all in readiness.

The soldiers were armed with rifle and bayonet, carrying plenty of cartridges, and a six-shooter also. The marines carried the new Lee rifle, and the sailors had cutlasses and six-shooters.

Quickly they passed from the cruiser to the despatch boat, until she was completely crowded.

Then the despatch boat set off towards the shore.

The night was again dark, and everybody hoped it would remain so.

"Where's the boats?" asked Dan Daly, anxiously.

Young Glory looked around, and seeing only two he was amazed.

"Good thing you thought of it," he cried, and ran off.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, saluting as he came to Lieutenant Lawrence, "but we've only two boats aboard the ship."

"I know it."

Young Glory stared hard at him. The lieutenant smiled.

"I know what I'm doing, Young Glory," he said. "We shall not want them."

Of course, remonstrance from a seaman with a lieutenant was impossible, so Young Glory had nothing left but to walk away, find Dan, and tell him that the expedition was doomed to complete failure.

"It's not worth while talking about what will happen at the fort," he said. "Because we shall never get there—we shall not land."

Dan, meanwhile, had been staring ahead over the water, where he saw some lights flickering on the shore. Three times the despatch boat blew her whistle at this point, and it was evidently a signal, for it

was answered from the shore by the hoisting of a red light to the top of a high pole.

"Faith, an' it's moighty consid'rate ye are, Mr. Lawrence," said Dan, sarcastically. "Shure, it's meself wouldn't have had the manners to warn iverybody I was comin' to see them."

"Why, we're going straight ahead. Great Scott!" cried Young Glory, "we're near the shore!"

"There's a pier!" exclaimed Dan. "I can see it!"

"We're heading for it. Ah! now she's slowing down."

Silence was the order now passed around. No man was to speak one word.

The ship was close to the pier now, on which several dark forms could be seen, and a hawser being thrown from the ship, one of these figures seized it, and with the assistance of the others, the despatch boat was speedily made fast.

The gangway was thrown across to the ship, and a man, wearing a glittering uniform, stepped on board.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MARCH TO THE FORT—YOUNG GLORY SEES A GREAT SPANISH FORCE.

"GOOD-EVENING, senor capitan," said Lieutenant Lawrence, advancing a step or two with outstretched hand. "I'm glad to see you."

The Spaniard, he was a captain, did not return the compliment. He was too startled for a moment to say or do anything. Then, he tried to leave the ship, but the lieutenant was too quick for him. He had already grasped the captain's hand and he held it so firmly that the Spaniard could not release himself.

"No, no, we can't part in this fashion, senor capitan," laughed the lieutenant. "Young Glory!"

"Yes, sir."

"Take this gentleman below, and see that he is well looked after."

"Ay, ay, sir."

The Spaniard had started violently when he heard Young Glory's name mentioned, for it was already a household word in Spain, where the young hero was regarded as the worst foe the country had to contend with.

Seeing nothing but American uniforms around him, at length the Spaniard began to have some idea of the truth.

"A great surprise, senor," said Young Glory, with a smile.

"Caramba! yes. So you have captured this ship?"

"Yes."

"And what became of its captain, Manuel Perez?"

"Dead."

"Poor fellow! He fought bravely, I know."

"He died a gallant death, senor. I was there and saw him breathe his last. This ring I wear," Young Glory extended his hand, "Captain Perez gave me."

Leaving the Spaniard in security, Young Glory hurried back to the deck. There he found that all the Spaniards on the pier had unsuspectingly walked into the trap, and that they had all been secured.

The pier was quite deserted now.

"Fortune favors us to-night, Young Glory."

"Yes, sir. But how shall we get through the town?"

"Town! There is none. This is only a landing place with a pier and a house where the customs are collected. There's not a house within a mile. The man who told me of the pier and the way to get there values his life too much to deceive me."

"Is he on board, sir?"

"Certainly. He's going to act as our guide. We shall want one, for you've never been here before."

Silently the expedition landed.

It was arranged that the despatch boat should remain at the pier, and twenty-five soldiers remained behind to be ready to defend her if she was attacked.

This slight reduction in the forces did not seem important to Lieutenant Lawrence.

At the end of the pier was a gate with a small wooden toll house alongside. The latter was deserted, and the gate, having been found open, the party passed through.

The men of the Fifth Regiment led the way. Then came the marines, Young Glory and the sailors bringing up the rear.

Once in the mountains there was not much danger of being seen. But now they had to proceed along a road, and any chance traveler might fall in with them and betray their intentions.

One man happened to see them.

Instantly a dozen rifles went to the shoulder.

"No firing!" cried Lieutenant Lawrence. "A shot will rouse the country."

The stranger had already taken to his heels, and was rushing away wildly, shouting as he ran.

"Faith, he's givin' the whole thing away," muttered Dan. "It's meself'd loike to be alongside you."

"Hold this."

Young Glory thrust his arm into Dan Daly's hands to the latter's utmost astonishment, and before a word of explanation could be uttered, he was dashing along the road in pursuit of the Spaniard.

The man soon discovered he was pursued, and tried to get away. His cries ceased, fortunately, for he was going at such a pace that he needed all his breath.

It was in vain that he exerted himself. Yard by yard Young Glory came up, and the fugitive seemed to lose heart, for, as the sailor increased his speed, the other slowed down.

He cast a quick glance back at Young Glory, who was quite near to him now.

"You cannot escape me," said Young Glory, in low, but distinct tones, speaking in Spanish. "Halt, I say, or it will be the worse for you!"

A mocking laugh came from the Spaniard.

Infuriated, Young Glory made a tremendous effort to end the affair. Spurring forward, he was right up to the Spaniard, when quick as a flash the latter turned.

"It's worse for you, senor," he cried, savagely. "I kill you and ruin your expedition, too."

With these words he struck out furiously at Young Glory with a long stiletto. Just in time the young seaman sprang aside and sustained no other injury than a flesh wound in the shoulder, which merely caused a few drops of blood to flow.

Young Glory stopped instantly, and before the Spaniard could draw back to make another lunge with his fearful weapon, he struck him—it was a favorite blow of his—between the eyes. The man went down like a log.

But he was not beaten.

If Young Glory had not thrown himself upon the Spaniard at once, the latter would have renewed the attack. Now he was powerless. Young Glory had wrested the weapon away from him.

“Get up,” he said, “and quick!”

With a sullen glance, in which hate and fear mingled, the Spaniard obeyed.

“Now, walk just in front of me. Don’t try to escape. The first move you make I will bury this poniard in your body. Besides, you can’t get away from me by running, as you’ve already found out.”

Anxiously the forces under Lieutenant Long had waited to learn what had happened, and their joy was so great when they saw Young Glory in their midst with his prisoner, that only prudential reasons prevented them from raising a cheer.

The man was placed between two troopers, and the march instantly resumed.

“D’you think any one heard his cries, Young Glory?” asked Lieutenant Lawrence.

“No, sir. Up to now all is safe. And see, we’re getting amongst the hills. I know my way from this point till we get to the hut.”

“Then you’d better go ahead with your man.”

With Young Glory leading the expedition, rapid progress was made. The hut was reached after two hours’ march.

“An’ how’s our friends?” said Dan, putting the key in the lock and opening the door of the hut. “It’s twenty-four hours’ fast they’ve had, an’ shure they’ll be glad to see me.”

But no one responded to his cries.

“Gone!” cried Young Glory, in alarm. “The hut is empty!”

“Faith, an’ it’s the fiddle they’ve taken away wid them, an’ me comin’ to give another dancin’ lesson, too!”

“This is too serious for joking, Daly,” said the lieutenant. “Those men were in the hut when you and Young Glory were talking about our making an attack on San Jose.”

“Yes, sorr.”

“Very well. They’ve carried the news to the governor of the fortress.”

“Shure, we spoke in English, an’ it’s a lingo they don’t understand, sorr.”

“They may, who knows? This is a bad business.”

“An’ it’s all my doin’!” groaned Dan. “Begorra! why didn’t I shoot them?”

“We’ll press forward, lads, and hope for the best,”

cried the lieutenant, bravely. “San Jose has to be taken, and we’ll do it.”

But here a difficulty arose. The men who had escaped from the hut were to have acted as guides from there to the prison.

“My prisoner!” exclaimed Young Glory. “Let me talk to him, sir.”

“Do so and quickly.”

“You know the way from here to San Jose?” asked Young Glory, abruptly.

“No, no, senor, no.”

He shook his head violently.

“That’s bad,” returned Young Glory, without a moment’s hesitation. “You’re no use to us.”

The eyes of the Spaniard sparkled. He imagined he was to be released.

“No use whatever,” continued Young Glory, taking his six-shooter from his belt as he spoke; “we brought you along thinking you’d be useful. Can’t be helped, and as we don’t want to be dragging you around all the time, guess I’d better——”

Young Glory was raising the six-shooter to the man’s head.

“Mercy, mercy, senor!” he cried, in agonized tones. “I was wrong; I deceived you!”

“So you know the way?”

“Yes, senor.”

“Then show us.”

The Spaniard instantly pointed to a mountain path, indicating it as the way to be followed.

“Faith, an’ it’s a persuadin’ way ye have wid ye, Young Glory. Ye’d be afther makin’ an illigant preacher, my lad.”

“You think I’d take up a great collection, Dan?”

“Shure, if ye spoke to ’em like ye did to this Spaniard.”

“Ha, ha! Well, I’m thinking there’ll be hot fighting, Dan, before this fort is ours.”

“Thinkin’! Arrah, I know it! I’ve seen the fort, an’ it’s like a small Gibraltar.”

“So much the better,” cried Young Glory. “The greater glory ours.”

“Hush!”

Dan put his hand on Young Glory’s arm and kept him back.

“What’s the matter?”

“Shure, ye hear something, my lad, don’t ye?”

“No.”

“Ah! thin it’s ahead of ye I am for once. Listen, lad. There’s the tramp of feet down in one of them mountain glens, an’ it’s Dan Daly’s ready to take his oath it’s the sogers.”

“Soldiers!”

“That’s what I said.”

“By jingo, I believe you’re right, Dan.”

“I know I am.”

“Stay here. Keep the men silent. Pass the word back to the Fifth and the marines to halt, and tell them to be ready to repel attack.”

“An’ you?”

“I’m going forward, scouting. I must know the

truth. This is a life and death matter, and we can't be too careful."

As Young Glory crawled down the rocks he heard distinctly the rumble of artillery wagons.

"There must be a road there," he muttered. "The guns couldn't go along a mountain path."

The head of the column was now in sight. Young Glory was behind a great rock from which he could see the soldiers passing. As they went by, he counted them as well as he could.

"Three batteries of artillery, two troops of cavalry, and one thousand, five hundred foot. Great Scott! nearly two thousand men. If they're at the fort before us, all is lost!"

CHAPTER VII.

STORMING THE FORT—BEATEN BACK.

YOUNG GLORY did not wait for the column to disappear. He hurried back and told what he had seen.

"They may not be going to the fort," said Lieutenant Lawrence.

Captain Clinton of the Fifth Regiment was appealed to for his opinion.

"It's impossible to say. To my mind it's more likely that they're on their way to one of the towns, thinking that an attack will be made. Still, there's only one thing for us to do."

"What's that?"

"Press right ahead. If they're going to San Jose, we may be there before them. In any case delay is useless and dangerous. Let us know the worst."

There was no answering this statement. The American forces were ordered forward, and the march was resumed.

At length, somewhere towards morning, the famous prison of San Jose came into view.

Lieutenant Lawrence, Captain Clinton and the other officers got as near as possible, so as to examine its strength and the approaches to it. Young Glory was with them, and so was Dan Daly. The latter having spent some weeks in the prison, might be able to give very valuable information.

It was known that San Jose was washed by the sea on one side, and from there it was not intended that an attack should be made. The land approaches were the only matter to be considered.

The prison was almost hidden from view.

It stood on high ground, which in itself, made it strong, and it had been further strengthened by the construction of a huge mound running around three sides of the fortress. These earthworks were pierced by guns at short intervals, and the cannon appeared to command every approach.

The principal entrance consisted of an immense gate, which was evidently well guarded, for the clanking of the soldiers' accouterments could be heard as they walked to and fro on sentry duty.

"A tough job," said Lieutenant Lawrence.

"Two sieges, or rather two assaults, will be necessary. We have to scale the fort first. Then the prison remains to be taken."

"Yes, but we shall take it," cried Young Glory.

The officers smiled at the boy's enthusiasm.

"Well," said Lieutenant Lawrence firmly, "we came here to do a certain piece of work, that is the capture of San Jose. We will take it or die in the attempt."

"Hurrah!"

There was no dissenting view. The task was sufficient to appall most men. But the Americans in front of the fortress thought of their countrymen suffering torture inside, and the knowledge steeled their hearts and made heroes of them.

The soldiers were to lead the attack. They were to dash up the mound and attempt to carry the fort.

"And what do we do?" said Young Glory.

The prospect of standing idly by whilst fighting was going on did not appeal to him.

"Wait for orders. Don't show yourselves. That's all I have to say."

"Sir," said Young Glory, "I believe it would be a good thing to make more than one attack."

"It will be done."

"But we're idle."

"Yes, but the marines shall storm the fort at another point."

"That is good. But, sir, how would it be if we attempted to force our way in through the gate?"

"Madness. You would die like flies."

"Still, I would make the attempt."

"Faith!" cried Dan Daly, "it's meself would put some dynamite by the gate and blow it up."

"If it could be done," said Lieutenant Lawrence, "it would be a masterstroke."

"Then I have your orders to make the attempt?" exclaimed Young Glory, gayly.

"Yes."

"Who will give the signal for the attack?"

"You will hear the soldiers press forward. That will be the signal for all to move."

"Great," and Young Glory walked away whistling softly, "A Hot Time in the Old Town."

"By jabbers, it's what there will be."

"No matter. I feel my blood boil when I think of that poor girl in the power of those Spanish wretches. Steady, lads, steady! I'll give the word."

Dan had the dynamite and fuses necessary to fire the gate. The sailors, having been told what was expected of them, were all anxiety for the fight to begin.

All the American forces were hidden behind the trees that throve thickly around. Had it not been so, they must have been seen, for daylight had come.

"Hark! our men are on the move!" cried Young Glory.

"No, no."

"They are, I tell you. Ha! that American cheer settles it. Forward, lads! Let us be first in the fight!"

"Hurrah!"

With a cry that rang out boldly, the fifty sailors, led by Young Glory, dashed towards the principal gate of the fortress.

Not a sound comes from within.

"Place the fuse, Dan!" cried Young Glory.

Bang! Bang!

Instantly a number of loopholes in the gate were disclosed, and from them a withering fire came.

Young Glory, ax in hand, sprang at the gate and showered blows upon it, given with all his strength.

"Useless!" he cried, savagely, thrusting the ax into his belt. "It's iron-cased!"

The gate was unharmed. The ax could not do it any injury.

Dan, who through bending low, had escaped the shots from the fort, was busily engaged in trying to place the dynamite in position and fire it.

The noise was deafening. In all directions were heard the clash of arms, the firing of rifles and guns, and the roll of the drum within the fortress calling the garrison to arms.

"Kill that man!" cried a Spanish voice from inside the fort. He meant Dan Daly.

"Shure, it's obliged to ye I am," muttered the Irishman, "and if yer men disobeyed ye, I'd not be afther havin' 'em court-martialed."

All depended on the fuse being fired.

Young Glory had realized that there was no other way in which the gate could be forced.

All that he and his men could do was to keep out of the way of the shots that were being fired from the loopholes.

"Whurroo!" shouted Dan, suddenly, "it's scalded I am!"

The Irishman rushed from his position near the gate with a fearful cry.

"I'm intoirely dead, Young Glory!"

"Ah! the villains; they've opened a trap above the gate and are pouring some boiling stuff down."

As Young Glory looked he saw a face grinning at him through the aperture, having the look of a demon upon it.

"Grin somewhere else!" he cried, savagely, firing his six-shooter, as he spoke.

The man fell forward, completely blocking up the aperture. He was dead, for Young Glory's shot had pierced his brain.

"Murther! but it's in another world he's laughing now."

"Stand back, Dan!" cried Young Glory. "Back with the men, I say. I see my chance, I will fire the gate."

"An' leave you, is it? No!"

"Hark! I order it! I am in command!"

With these words, the young hero rushed forward and went hard at work with the explosive.

It was some minutes before the Spaniards knew that the man above was killed. There was a lull in the firing, and they could no longer hear the boiling water pouring down.

"Caramba!" cried the captain at the gate. "He will fire the fuse."

"Yes, by jingo! I shall!"

"Shoot him! Shoot him! Scald him to death!"

The dead man was removed now. The aperture was open. A Spanish soldier, pistol in hand, was looking through.

"American dog!" he hissed. "Curse you!"

Instantly he fired at Young Glory. The ball hit the American hero as he stooped at his work.

"He is killed!" cried the Spaniard.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Young Glory, defiantly. "Not by your bullet!"

The bullet had done no harm, having struck the boy's belt and glanced harmlessly off.

"Throw open the gate. Charge and kill that man!"

In furious tones came this order. So loudly was it spoken, that Dan Daly and the rest of the seamen, heard it, and they stood ready to fire, in order to save their leader.

"Too late!" cried Young Glory, in tones of triumph.

"You cannot save the gate now!"

Back he ran, escaping as by a miracle the missiles that were showered at him.

To open a great gate like this one was, takes some time. There are bars to be lowered, and bolts to be drawn. Before the work was finished all necessity for opening it in the usual manner had gone. So had the gate.

Boom!

There was a terrible explosion which seemed to shake the earth. The gate was blown into fragments, and so were the Spanish soldiers who were near it. Much of the masonry shared the same fate.

The way to the prison was open!

"We win!" cried Young Glory, with flashing eyes.

"To the attack, lads. Let the dons have it!"

The seamen, close at Young Glory's heels, pressed forward in a body, thinking the fight as good as over. They were terribly undeceived.

The loss of the gate had been provided for.

Inside the fortifications were three Maxim guns, which covered the entrance. Besides this means of defense, at least one hundred soldiers were under arms.

Such a rain of shot was poured forth that advance was impossible. Yet Young Glory was determined not to lose the advantage he had gained without a struggle.

"Dan!"

"Yes."

"Run to Lieutenant Lawrence. Tell him what we have done, and ask for support."

"Shure!"

"Keep your ground, lads. Kneel behind these heaps of stones!" cried Young Glory. "We have not lost yet, and help is at hand!"

"Drive them from the gateway!" shouted the Spanish captain. "At them with the bayonet!"

Forward came the Spanish soldiers at the double.

The sailors waited till they were near. Then they sent in a shower of bullets that did fearful damage.

The soldiers weakened.

"Hurrah! The day is ours!" cried Young Glory.

It was only a ruse on the part of the Spaniards. Instantly the soldiers filed to left and right, leaving an open passage. Then, quick as lightning the machine guns came into play again.

"Back, men, back!"

"The day has gone against us!" cried Dan Daly, rushing up. "Faith, it's beaten at all points we are!"

So the sailors retreated, leaving many dead behind them.

CHAPTER VIII.

YOUNG GLORY'S BRILLIANT CHARGE—MEETING AN OLD FRIEND.

THE loss had been heavy.

There was a feeling of gloom over almost everyone. They were thinking that the worst had not come yet.

How were they to get back to their ship? The country would be roused, and retreat would be impossible.

"Retreat!" cried Young Glory, who had not lost any of his high spirits. "Who talks of retreat?"

"We are beaten!"

"Never! Checked for the time, that's all! Besides, this gate is forced! We only want sufficient strength to beat our way in."

"It is well defended by guns."

"Yes, sir. But a charge will carry it. That means a loss and a heavy one, but it's the cheapest in the end."

"What's done must be done quickly," exclaimed Captain Clinton. "Those soldiers that Young Glory saw have not appeared yet, but they will. It's a mercy they haven't up to now."

Bang!

"A gun from the fort!"

"Calling for aid!" cried one of the young officers.

"No; trying to drive us out."

Boom!

A shot came tearing through the trees a few feet above the heads of the soldiers.

"Sir!"

"Yes, Young Glory."

"I have a plan."

"Let us have it at once," answered Lieutenant Lawrence. "This is a crisis. Don't waste words."

"You and most of the soldiers and marines shall make a charge through the gate."

"Yes, what of it?"

"The Spaniards will mass their forces at that point, thinking it our entire strength."

"And it will be."

"You forget the blue jackets, sir."

"Go on."

"While you're at the gate, I and the men with me will scale the fort and carry it."

"A forlorn hope!" cried Captain Clinton.

"Yes, but it's that or nothing. If we stay here we shall be mowed down by the fire of the cannon, or massacred when the main body of the Spaniards come up. Young Glory is right. To the charge, men. We can die but once, and what is better than death at duty's call?"

The martial bearing of the young commander animated the men.

Forward they dashed towards the gate.

As soon as they were near enough to make their presence known to the Spaniards, Young Glory thought it was time for him to start. Followed by his men he dashed through the wood, out into the open across the road and charged at the steep ascent.

One of the cannons was pouring forth shot, but it could not be depressed sufficiently to do much harm. When the men had got on higher ground, it did terrible execution.

A storm of rifle bullets came from behind the earthworks, fired by men who were protected from the bullets of the attacking party.

Young Glory saw his comrades dropping around him, and the sight maddened him.

"Ah!"

There was a cry of anguish at his side, and turning, he saw the standard-bearer fall with a bullet in his heart.

Quick as lightning he seized the flag.

"Up! Up!" he shouted.

Young Glory led the attack on the Spanish fort, grasping the colors firmly as he ran.

"Victory!" he cried, waving his sword. "The day is ours!"

Near the gun were lying two wounded soldiers; behind Young Glory came sailors from the Columbia.

As he charged forward, the Stars and Stripes flying bravely on the breeze, a panic seemed to seize on the Spaniards who were at the guns.

Many of them turned and ran. Others were cut down at their posts.

Lieutenant Lawrence was having a terrible time.

The gate had been charged, and he had met with the same obstacles as Young Glory had done.

The rapid firing guns were forcing out a withering fire, against which advance was impossible. Besides, the Spaniards were in greater strength now, and in addition to these guns, there were a number of rifles that kept up an incessant fire.

But for the shelter afforded by the ruins at the gate not a man would have survived.

Then suddenly all was changed.

Bang! Bang!

The shots came from above. The Spaniards gazed in amazement. They almost thought their own men had mutinied, turning their guns against their comrades.

This thought was momentary only.

For, looking up, they saw now Young Glory still with the colors in his hand, dashing down the steep descent towards the guns, waving his sword to animate his followers, who were only a few yards behind him.

With fury the sailors threw themselves on the men working the guns.

Young Glory launched a terrible blow at the gunner nearest to him, sending him half killed to the ground.

"It's Dan Daly's turn now!" cried the Irishman,

and with a pistol shot the old boatswain's mate settled the next gunner.

Lieutenant Lawrence for a moment was paralyzed with astonishment. He had not thought such a daring feat was possible. Instantly he saw its importance.

"Charge!" he cried loudly.

The men, overjoyed at the turn of affairs, wanted no encouragement. The soldiers and marines dashed to the front, each trying to be first in the race.

Then a fearful fight took place.

The guns were no longer workable. The Spaniards were between two forces, and though they greatly outnumbered the American forces, this counted for little in a hand-to-hand fight.

Young Glory was always in the thick of the fight.

As for Dan Daly, he fought like a demon. The recollection of his sufferings in this hated prison was strong upon him, and the Irishman was having terrible revenge for the torments he had endured.

Now the Spaniards wavered.

Their officers called on them to stand firm, telling them that help was at hand. But neither entreaties nor threats availed. The men threw down their arms and admitted their defeat.

"The prison! the prison!" cried Young Glory, excitedly. "The fort is ours, but we haven't finished our work yet."

He rushed at the great door of the prison, Dan Daly close behind him.

"It's good-day I'm wishing ye, ye ould scoundrel!" cried the Irishman. "Faith, I saw his ugly face at the window."

"Whose, Dan?"

"Don Pedro, the governor. He's the boy I'm afther. Ah! it's some of his own food I'll make him eat."

"We haven't taken the prison yet."

"No, but we shall, Young Glory. Shure, it's only a few guards they have, and it's aisy to blow the doors open."

"Every moment counts, Dan."

Up came Lieutenant Lawrence.

"We must blow open this door! Hallo, there!" he cried, seeing Don Pedro inside. "A word with you!"

"Speak!"

"You cannot defend yourselves. The fort is taken, and you have no support within. We have had enough slaughter. I call on you to surrender."

"And I refuse."

"Very well. We shall take the prison by storm!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed the governor. "Do your worst. Help is at hand. I defy you!"

"A brave man!"

"No," said Young Glory, "a desperate man, sir. He knows what a brute he has been to our men, and he is afraid to trust himself to us."

"Begorra! an' that shows he's got some sense!"

Not a shot was fired from the prison.

The governor seemed to feel that assistance would be sent him, if he could manage to hold out for a short time.

Only by blowing open the door could an entrance be effected, for the windows were very small and high above the ground, and were, moreover, crossed by thick iron bars.

The dynamite was speedily placed in position.

In a moment the fuse would be fired.

Crash!

Down came a great stone on the man who was near the door, stooping over the captain. The stone missed his head, but it struck him on the shoulder, breaking his collar bone and arm. With a groan the man rolled over.

Another replaced him instantly. The work was finished in a moment.

Boom!

The fuse was lighted, an explosion followed, and the door was shattered. In rushed the attacking party only to find, when they had gone a few yards, they were confronted by another door, quite as strong as the one they had destroyed.

"Slow work!" cried Lieutenant Lawrence.

"And, sorr," observed Dan, "it's full of doors this place, an' faith, this is the only one ye'll be able to blow open."

"Can't be."

"Yes, sorr, it's the truth I'm after tellin' ye. Faith, if ye blow up the other doors, it's the poor prisoners'll be goin' to glory wid 'em."

"Great Scott! that's a settler!"

"There must be a ladder about!" cried Captain Clinton. "We can scale the walls."

A hunt for a ladder resulted in none being found.

Then a tumult arose within the prison.

"A fight!" cried Dan.

"They're killing the prisoners!" exclaimed one of the sailors.

"No, no! that would be too horrible!" gasped the lieutenant. "None but a fiend would do that."

Young Glory was frantic. He thought of Kate King.

"I will kill you like a dog, Don Pedro!" he shouted, "if you hurt one of your prisoners!"

The noise inside increased. Pistol shots were heard, and the clashing of arms. No doubt remained in the minds of the Americans now. The prisoners were being massacred, and perhaps some of them were attempting to defend themselves.

Up rushed an orderly.

"Captain Clinton!"

"Speak! What is it?"

"The Spaniards are arriving in force!"

"Who saw them?"

"I did, from the highest point of the fortress. They're not a mile away, and are advancing rapidly."

A look of despair came over everybody. The prison was not taken; the prisoners were being killed; the enemy was arriving to cut off a retreat. Nothing but total failure stared them in the face.

"What is to be done?"

"Save the prisoners!"

"Impossible, Young Glory!"

All stood silent. The bolts of the heavy door were being drawn.

"Be ready to fire, lads!" cried Lieutenant Lawrence.

Even as he spoke the great door was slowly opened, and a girl stood before them, pistol in hand.

CHAPTER IX.

PREPARATIONS FOR DEFENSE—THE SPANIARDS

BEATEN BACK.

"KATE KING!" cried Young Glory.

"You!" exclaimed the girl.

"Not a doubt of it," answered Young Glory.

"Bless yer pretty face, it's himself, shure enough," said Dan Daly. "Come to save ye."

Young Glory had, however, not bestowed much attention on the girl. He flew past her, sword in hand, towards a group of men and women.

Lieutenant Lawrence and many other Americans followed.

"Surrender!" he cried.

The Spaniards made no attempt to defend themselves. Such weapons as they had, they threw down instantly. Some poor miserable looking creatures came forward and eagerly pressed Young Glory's hand, and as he looked at them his anger rose.

They were the captives of San Jose. Americans captured on merchant vessels, for the most part, and reduced almost to skeletons by the inhuman treatment they had received in the Spanish dungeons.

Some of the sailors grew excited at this terrible spectacle.

"Vengeance!" they cried, fiercely.

"Silence!" commanded Lieutenant Lawrence, sternly. "I understand your feelings, lads, but we do not make war like Spaniards. Place those men in security at once, so that we may be in no danger of an attack from them."

"We thought you were being killed," said Young Glory to Kate King, "when we heard the noise inside. How did you manage to free yourselves?"

"It was her doing," cried an old man, one of the prisoners, pointing to the girl.

"How was that?"

"She declared that an attack was being made on the prison by our countrymen, and persuaded us to throw ourselves on the jailers who brought us food. We did, and you know the result."

"Then I owe you my thanks, Miss King," said Lieutenant Lawrence, politely, raising his cap; "but for you we couldn't have got inside this prison."

Young Glory and Kate King were talking together like two old friends, and from the looks of both there was no doubt that they were glad to see each other.

"It's sorry I am to disturb ye," said Dan Daly, coming up. "Faith! it's like a pair of turtle doves ye look now."

Kate grew very red.

"Don't talk such foolishness."

"Ah! that's it, miss. It's a foolish ould man I am,

but begorra, Young Glory, ye'll be more foolish still, if ye stay there."

"Why?"

"The Spaniards are coming up fast."

Young Glory turned pale. In his joy at meeting Kate again, he had quite forgotten the new danger that menaced all of them.

"Sir," he cried, running to Lieutenant Lawrence, "the enemy——"

"I know," interrupted the officer. "We have a hot time before us. I have given my orders. We will defend this prison."

"We will die fighting!" cried Kate King. "I will never fall alive into the hands of those wretches!"

They looked at her with admiration, for they all knew that she would keep her word.

All was excitement now. Captain Clinton and Lieutenant Lawrence had decided that the outer portions of the fort could not be successfully defended against the enemy. The extent of the earthworks was too extensive for the small American force.

"Bring the guns back here. We will make our stand at the prison!"

The Maxim guns that the Spaniards had found so useful were hauled back. They were posted in the main entrance to the prison, with men standing by ready to work them.

"How many Spaniards did you say you saw, Young Glory?"

"In the column on the march, sir?"

"Yes."

"From fifteen hundred to two thousand."

"Too many; they will overpower us."

"Ah! but they're not all coming against us!" cried Captain Clinton. "One of my scouts has just brought word that not more than five hundred are advancing to attack us."

"What guns have they?"

"None."

Lieutenant Lawrence's face beamed.

"No guns!" he cried. "Then I defy them."

This information put heart into all the men, and instead of feeling that the only theory left to them was to sell their lives dearly, they began to see that they might come victorious from the fight.

The Spaniards were in no hurry to begin.

They had halted at some distance. Many of the defenders of the prison had escaped, and they were now giving information to the leaders of the attacking party as to the strength of the American forces. After this had been obtained, a council of war became necessary. Hence, the delay.

Lieutenant Lawrence spent the time profitably in putting everything in shape to resist an attack.

The guns, as was said, were in position at the main door of the prison.

Then, right in front of them, a great barricade had been erected, which the Spaniards would have to cross before they could reach the prison.

"Now let them come!" cried Young Glory.

Dan said nothing, contenting himself with shaking his fist viciously in the direction of the enemy.

"Hello! what's up?"

"Young Glory, it's a deserter, for shure. The spalpeen wants to be on the winning side."

"Silence!" cried Lieutenant Lawrence. "Let us hear what the man wants."

A Spanish officer was coming towards the prison holding his sword in the air with a white handkerchief tied to it. He was the bearer of a flag of truce.

"Are you the commander?" he said, looking at Lieutenant Lawrence and speaking in English, on account of his knowledge of which language he had probably been selected.

"Yes, senor."

"Then," said the Spaniard, "it is with you I have to deal."

"I am listening."

"Senor capitan, General Palma, my commander, requires you to surrender. He knows the extent of your forces, and that it is impossible for you to hold out against him. Therefore, to save useless fighting and the loss of many lives, he is prepared, on your submission, to grant you favorable terms."

"As good as the prisoners of San Jose received?" asked Lieutenant Lawrence, mockingly.

The blood rushed redly to the Spaniard's face.

"I am not here to talk."

"I understand, sir. There are some matters on which silence is desirable."

"Your answer, senor?" said the Spaniard, haughtily.

"It is the same as I gave to one of your comrades not long ago. The word of a Spaniard is a guarantee quite valueless in my eyes. Do your worst against us. We shall fight to the last. Better that than rot in your vile dungeons. We will die in battle, not of starvation!"

"Hurrah!" cried the American sailors and soldiers, Young Glory and Dan Daly leading the cheering.

The Spaniard's lips curled derisively.

"If noise amounted to anything," he said, insultingly, "you would win easily. Senor, you have sealed your fate, and that of the men under you. General Palma will show no mercy."

"Faith, it's not asking any we are."

The Spaniard scowled at Dan Daly, who merely laughed as the former withdrew.

No time was lost now. Up came the enemy. So far as could be judged, the entire force was taking part in the attack.

Through the demolished doorway of the fort the Spaniards charged, and then they came at the double towards the prison.

Crack! Crack!

The Maxims got in their deadly work now. They sent forth a steady stream of shot, and cut great gaps in the ranks of the foe. At once the Spaniards parted to right and left, thinking that they could reach the prison door from either side, and that the gun could not be trained on them.

Again they found out their mistake.

The Maxims were being worked with a will, and the ground was strewn now with the dead and dying.

Yet the enemy was brave. The Spanish soldiers never blanched. Furiously they came rushing at the barricade.

The officer who had borne the flag of truce was in the van. He was the first to dash at the barricade, and as he did so, his eyes and those of Dan Daly met, and a look of defiance passed between them.

"Caramba! you're the fool who insulted me!" cried the Spaniard. "See how I treat you!"

With these words he leveled a six-shooter at Dan and fired.

Dan was out of the way before the pistol exploded. Then he gave a great leap forward, throwing himself on to the barricade, and reaching out, he passed his sword through the Spaniard's body. The pistol dropped from his hand as he staggered backwards.

There was a howl of rage, and with fierce oaths half a dozen Spaniards threw themselves at Dan. One he cut down, the second he shot, the others in a body would soon finish him.

Then someone sprang in front of him, sword in hand.

"Don't rise, Dan! I have them!"

Cut! Cut!

With his sword Young Glory laid about him, dealing death at every stroke. Two of the men had fallen, the others retreated.

Meanwhile, the Spaniards were making desperate efforts to carry the barricade. But the fire was too terrific. More than a hundred rifles were volleying at them. They began to waver.

"Now's the time to end this, lads, follow me!" shouted Young Glory.

"Hurrah for Young Glory, our leader!" cried the sailors of the Columbia, as they rushed after him. Over the barricade they leapt, pressing hard on the flying enemy.

"Back! Back!" cried Lieutenant Lawrence, above the din of battle.

But his orders were unheeded.

Not till the Spaniards had passed through the doorway of the fort did Young Glory and his men retreat. Then, without having lost a man, they came back flushed with their great victory.

The men were only conscious that they had won.

Lieutenant Lawrence, Captain Clinton and the other officers looked deeper into matters than this. They realized that it was impossible for them to escape.

"We might make a sortie," said Captain Clinton.

"Yes!" cried a young lieutenant. "If we dash out in a body we can cut our way through."

"And what's to become of the prisoners?" asked Lieutenant Lawrence. "They would not go with us. Most of them are too weak to walk, and we can't carry them. If we go, we leave them behind to an awful fate. What shall it be, Clinton?"

Captain Clinton laughed.

"There is only one reply possible to an American officer. We stay."

"I knew you would say so."

Captain Clinton took a cigar from his pocket and lit it.

"Captain Clinton's last smoke," he said, smiling.

"Fine subject for an historical picture."

And though the words were said jestingly, they brought the truth home to everyone standing around.

CHAPTER X.

DAN DALY AND DON PEDRO—FINISHING THE BOATS.

DAN DALY was missing.

The Spaniards had not renewed the fight. Doubtless they were waiting the arrival of some cannon with which they could bring the walls of San Jose down on the heads of its defenders.

For some hours all had been still.

Young Glory, listening eagerly to Kate King's story of her capture and imprisonment, was aroused by the shouts.

"Where's Dan Daly?"

That was the cry, and a strict search was being made for the Irishman.

"He can't be dead," said Young Glory, taking part in the talk that was going on.

"Perhaps he was killed in the pursuit of the Spaniards."

"No, no! The dons never touched him!"

"Are you sure?"

"Quite!"

"You may be mistaken!"

"There's an easy way to see."

And without a moment's hesitation Young Glory sprang over the barricade and hurried off, taking the track of the Spaniards when they were in full retreat.

It was easy to see that Dan Daly was not on the ground, for not one American body lay there.

Crack! Crack!

"They're firing at Young Glory!" cried a sailor.

"Look!"

"Come back!"

"Bah! they can't shoot."

And Young Glory took off his hat to the Spaniards, and then slowly came back to his comrades.

"Dan's not there."

So Dan's disappearance remained a mystery.

Now, where was Dan?

It may be remembered that the Irishman had sworn to have vengeance on the governor of the prison, Don Pedro.

Dan was very bitter over the treatment he had received, and he had sworn a solemn oath that he would get square with him.

So, directly the fight was over, Dan slipped away unperceived, and then went to work.

"He's in hidin' somewhere," he muttered, "the ould villain! Ah! it's my hands I'll be afther layin' on ye 'fore long."

It was clear that Don Pedro had secreted himself somewhere, having a suspicion that he would not re-

ceive very kind treatment from the American sailors and soldiers. Dan concluded he must be in the subterranean parts of the prison, which were very large and gloomy, and used mainly as dungeons for the safe custody of the wretched prisoners. These dungeons were all empty now.

In and out of them Dan groped his way, feeling convinced that the man he sought was not far off.

He crept softly into a small cell, the door of which stood open, and so far as he could see, this was quite empty. At the end was a narrow aperture through which the adjoining cell might be inspected, and Dan took advantage of this to save time.

He almost gave a cry. For there, lying behind some stones, lay a man!

"Don Pedro for shure!" he muttered. "Begorra, I'll take him by the neck an' screw the life out of him."

But before he could put this project into force, an idea came to him which pleased him greatly, for his eyes twinkled with mirth, and his lips broke into a smile.

"Shure, it's dead he thinks I am," murmured Dan, "an' it's my ghost he'll think I am. It's in this I'll be afther wrappin' meself."

Dan wound a sheet around him. It must have formed part of the bedding of the last wretched occupant of this cell, given him by the jail officials in an unusual fit of generosity.

Softly Dan stole round to the cell in which Don Pedro lay in security, as he thought. The sheet was drawn round him, leaving only his eyes visible, and in the semi-darkness that prevailed the white object certainly looked gruesome.

Don Pedro saw it instantly. He was so surprised that he made no effort at concealment, springing to his feet in wonder, and then staggering back, with shaking limbs and terrified looks.

"It's for ye I've come," said Dan, in awful tones.

"Mercy! mercy!" groaned Don Pedro. Like all Spaniards he was superstitious, and stood in awe of what he regarded as a visitor from another world.

"Mercy!" echoed Dan, in a hollow voice. "No! It's meself ye killed! Look! Do you know me?"

Dan raised the sheet and exposed his face. The other recognized instantly the prisoner whose corpse had been carried out about ten days ago.

Don Pedro retreated, Dan following, holding his hands aloft, and looking very terrible.

Through several dark passages went the two men, the Spaniard, from fright, being scarcely able to walk.

"You can't escape me," hissed Dan, as the other entered an immense vault, against the walls of which the sailor could hear the sea beating.

Don Pedro could bear no more. Overcome by horror, he fell in a heap on the ground, and Dan Daly sat down near him, took a pipe from his pocket and began to smoke it.

"I have the ould villain now," he said, "an' faith, it's here I'll be afther stayin' till the shootin' begins."

But the shooting did not commence.

There was no doubt that the Spaniards had recognized the impossibility of breaking into the prison.

They had sent for cannon. Eventually the guns would arrive, but not till late, for it was no easy matter to bring artillery along wild and rocky mountain paths.

The wounded were being cared for. Kate King was devoting herself bravely to the work, and the poor prisoners were not neglected.

Young Glory had little time to talk to Kate, but he had found out from her how she happened to be at San Jose.

When war broke out between the United States and Spain, Kate King and her father were on their way to Genoa in Italy, traveling solely for pleasure.

In the Mediterranean their ship had been attacked by a Spanish vessel, captured and sunk. She had been taken to San Jose and did not know where her father was, but supposed him to be confined in some other Spanish prison.

The men kept a close watch on the Spaniards. Lieutenant Lawrence was ready to repel an attack whenever it should come. But, as was stated, the enemy remained quiet all day.

It was towards evening when a movement was observed in the Spanish camp.

"Guns!" cried Young Glory. "Don't you hear them, sir?"

"There is no mistaking that sound. The cannon have arrived," answered Lieutenant Lawrence.

"And they'll blow us to pieces," observed Captain Clinton, coolly.

Boom!

It was the first shot.

Everybody expected a crash, but somehow the prison escaped.

Darkness was coming on as the guns opened fire, and this added to the danger.

"Let us dash out and capture the guns!" cried one man.

"They must be silenced!" exclaimed another.

"Silenced! yes; but there's someone else who won't be. It's Dan Daly!"

As Young Glory spoke they all listened, and could hear the sound of the Irishman's voice. He was singing the "Star Spangled Banner," and Young Glory, recollecting how he had found him in the hut in the mountains, had no doubt that he was giving a lesson in patriotism to some Spaniard.

"I'll soon see," he cried. "It won't take a minute!"

With these words he flew down the stone steps, guided by the singing, when he reached the dark passages below.

"Dan! Dan! what on earth are you doing here?" he shouted, bursting into the great vault where the Irishman was.

"It's Don Pedro I'm afther amusin'. Faith, he's sulky and won't say anything, so it's mesilf's doin' all the talkin'."

In the darkness Young Glory fell forward with a

crash, and, as he did so, he reached out to save himself.

He was not hurt in the least, but he sprang quickly up.

"A light!" he cried, excitedly. "A light! Give me a match!"

Dan struck a light at once, wondering what it all meant.

Young Glory took one good look round as long as the match burned. Then he dashed out of the place like a madman.

"Stay here," he cried. "I'll be back soon, Dan!"

As he reached the great hall of the prison, a shot had struck one of the towers, bringing the masonry down with a crash. Lieutenant Lawrence was putting his forces in order. He was about to sally forth in the almost hopeless attempt to capture the guns.

"Saved! Saved!" cried Young Glory, bursting into the throng.

They crowded around him.

"Come!" said Young Glory. "Bring everybody."

"Where?"

"Down below, sir. There is a large vault half full of boats—enough to carry the lot of us. We can launch them and get away in the darkness."

The news seemed too good to be true, but when they reached the vault, and astonished Dan by doing so, they saw that Young Glory was right.

Dan had sat in the darkness all day without knowing that there were a dozen large boats around him, and by falling against one, Young Glory had made this valuable discovery.

Don Pedro's face was a study now. He was furious, for he began to fear that the Americans would get away, and he had hoped that Dan, at least, might be punished for the misery he had caused.

It was evident that these boats were kept stored for an emergency. They were all covered with tarpaulins, and the cloths being removed, it was seen that oars and sails were in readiness.

"If we are seen?" said Captain Clinton.

"But they won't see us, Clinton. It's too dark. Launch the boats, lads."

The great doors were opened. It was seen that the water ran right up to the vault—entering it, in fact. So it was a very easy matter to float the boats.

One by one they were filled, and as each one had its full equipment out, it pushed into the water. All this time the guns were battering at the prison.

"Quick! Quick!" cried Young Glory, excitedly.

"What is it?"

"The Spaniards! I can hear them. They're in the prison. Yes, they've made a breach and entered. Push off, for goodness' sake, or it's all over."

Two or three men dashed into the vault, making for that part of it by which the sea entered.

Here all was confusion, owing to the desperate struggle that was being made to despatch the last boat.

"Caramba! they're escaping!" cried a voice.

The owner of it, sword in hand, dashed forward. At the instant he did so, the boat was pushed off violently.

"Stop them!" cried the Spaniard, for it was one of the enemy's soldiers.

A man gave a great jump. He sprang toward the rapidly disappearing boat, the crew of which were rowing for their lives.

He failed to reach the boat, and with a great crash, headlong, he went into the water.

"Capture him!" roared a man in Spanish, speaking in a tone of command.

Instantly that the head appeared above the water, three soldiers sprang on the struggling man and dragged him to land.

CHAPTER XI.

YOUNG GLORY IS CAPTURED—HE IS SENT TO SEVILLE.

THE prisoner was Young Glory!

He had waited until the last, and then, by mischance, had failed to get into the boat.

He was about to struggle to free himself from his captors, when at least a dozen Spanish soldiers entered the vault. To resist now would be madness.

The Spaniards would be only too glad if he would do so, in order that they might have an excuse for shooting him.

From the water he could hear the rattle of rifles, and then answering shots from the shore. Several times he heard the booming of artillery. No doubt the Spaniards were firing at the boats.

Young Glory was thinking more of these than of himself.

"Those boats will get away," he said. "The only danger is a mine. As for hitting them with shot or shell, bah! the dons can't fire straight enough for that."

He was satisfied some minutes later that the boats were safe, by the fact that the Spanish soldiers all seemed inactive, as if any further struggle on their part was useless labor.

Then came shouting from above.

"Marching orders for you, comrade," said a Spanish soldier to Young Glory, striking him brutally with the butt of his gun. "Get up-stairs, you Yankee pig!"

As Young Glory traversed the long passages and went up the great stone steps, every Spaniard he met jeered him.

Most of them made an insulting remark. Of course Young Glory took not the slightest notice of all this, but could not help thinking how great a difference there was between these men and American soldiers.

"Bring in the prisoner!" cried a harsh voice, and Young Glory was thrust rather than led into what had been the room of Don Pedro, the governor of the prison.

It was in terrible disorder now, part of its outer wall having been carried away by a shot.

On one of the chairs that had not been destroyed, sat General Palma, the Spanish commander.

He was a little man, but made up in width what he lacked in height. The most striking thing about him was his copper colored complexion, fierce-looking little eyes, and entire absence of neck. By no means a pleasant-looking person, as Young Glory thought.

"Your name, please," he said, harshly.

Young Glory did not reply, and this seemed to infuriate the general.

"Answer me, dog!" he shouted, savagely.

Now, Young Glory realized that it would not do for him to give his right name, and he was somewhat afraid of inventing a fictitious one.

"I decline to answer," he said.

"What?"

The general almost leaped out of the high military boots he was wearing.

"I decline to answer," said Young Glory, grimly.

"I have no wish to behave with discourtesy, but it seems to me there is no reason for requiring to know my name. It is of no consequence. I am a plain American seaman, that is all."

For a minute the passion of the general was so great that it seemed as though he would choke.

"Shall we flog the truth out of him, general?" asked one of his aids, in a low voice, but still quite audible to Young Glory.

"Not yet. Let us see how he behaves. Prisoner, your insolence deserves to be treated differently to the way in which I am looking at it. I require you to answer certain questions. Will you?"

"I cannot say till I hear them."

"First, I want to know how your soldiers and sailors came to this country?"

"In a ship."

"Ha, ha!" laughed several of the officers at this perfectly obvious reply, and the general glared fiercely at them.

"In a ship!" he cried, hotly. "Yes, I know that. But how many ships have you, and where are they now stationed?"

"I am a plain seaman as I told you, not an officer."

"Still you know, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Then reply."

"I refuse."

"What?"

"You heard me. I will give no information about our ships or soldiers that will in any way help the cause of Spain. As a soldier, you cannot expect me to do so."

"And that is your reply?"

"Yes. I shall make no other. Do with me as you please. I am in your power. One thing I am sure of, you cannot make me disloyal to my native land!"

A buzz of admiration ran round the room at this bold reply. Many of the Spanish officers appreciated the patriotism of the young sailor.

General Palma and his aid were conferring together.

"No, no, Juan, I won't do it," said the general.

"If I had the power I'd flog the life out of him, general. You're too thin skinned."

The general laughed.

"You're the first, Juan, who's ever made this accusation against me, and you're wrong. My apparently merciful treatment of this dog is due to policy. I've reckoned him up. You can't beat the truth out of such a brute. But there are other ways."

"What, general?"

"The prison. A loathesome dungeon, solitude and starvation diet will break the proud spirit of this boy. He shall be sent to Seville under an escort with instructions from me as to his treatment. A week in the jail there will make his tongue run freely."

"You know best, general."

"Prisoner!" said General Palma, aloud.

"I am listening."

"I am sending you to Seville. There they will find means to loosen your tongue."

"We shall see."

"No doubt. You're not the first whose pride has been crushed by our methods."

"I know you are brutes," answered Young Glory, regardless of the effect of this reply. "Cowards! I defy you!"

General Palma's hand went to his six-shooter. Then he let it drop to his side.

"Remove him!" he shouted; "the dog offends my sight."

Two soldiers seized Young Glory roughly and dragged him from the room. Half an hour later, with an escort of eight men, he was on his way to Seville.

They put him on a train at the nearest railroad station, and from there to Seville he traveled in a compartment with his eight guards.

They had tied his hands behind his back to prevent him escaping, and when they reached Seville one of the soldiers fastened a stout cord around his body, and then he was led through the streets as if he was a wild animal.

It was soon seen that he was an American. His dress and looks proclaimed this fact. So a crowd collected and commenced to yell and hoot. Some of the people went further in their exhibition of enmity, and threw street refuse and filth at him.

Young Glory regarded them with a look of utter contempt, which seemed to increase their rage.

"See Seville and die!" say the Spaniards, proud of their beautiful city, and the proverb rang ominously in Young Glory's ears now.

"Die!" he muttered. "By jingo! it looks black. Ah! that must be the prison. A gloomy place, and strong, too. What chance of escape is there?"

All these things occurred to him on the march, and rendered him quite heedless of the insults of the populace.

He was quite a curiosity. Mothers held their children up to see him, and pointed him out as one of those American demons who ate little children.

"Still, he's very handsome," said more than one of

the señoritas, but their compliments were drowned in a shout of derision.

The door of the gloomy prison was thrown open, and as Young Glory entered it, a fierce yell of execration rose from the excited people in the street.

He turned round quickly and faced them with a smile of defiance on his face, and then stepped proudly forward to where the governor awaited him.

Bang!

The great door closed, and as it did, hope for an instant fled from Young Glory's heart. But pride kept him up. He would not give the Spaniards the pleasure of seeing him suffer, so he looked defiantly at the governor.

The latter never spoke to him. He had taken a letter from the corporal who was in charge of Young Glory's guard. It was the note of instructions written by General Palma.

Carefully the governor read it. Then he spoke to a jailer who stood by.

"For to-day take him to No. 6."

"Yes, excellency!"

The soldiers were coming, too, but the jailer intimated that he could dispense with their assistance. First he unfastened the rope that was around Young Glory's body, then he untied his hands.

"Now step forward," he said.

He had a pistol in his belt and a sword by his side, so he stood in no fear of an unarmed foe.

The prisoner and his jailer halted at an underground cell, on the door of which the number 6 was written in white.

"Your room, señor," said the jailer, with mock politeness, "and not the worst in this hotel by a long way."

Young Glory entered and glanced hastily around.

It was a miserable den as he saw, with no light save that which entered by a barred aperture over the door, no furniture of any kind.

Whilst Young Glory was reckoning up all this, the door behind him closed, and the jailer was gone.

But he was back again in a few minutes.

"Your food," he said, briefly, as he placed on the floor a large piece of black bread and a pitcher of water.

"And is this how you treat prisoners of war in this country?" asked Young Glory, indignantly.

"Look here, señor, I'm here to do my duty and to earn my living. Heaven knows I don't want to treat prisoners worse than I'm obliged. Now, listen to a word from me."

"Go on," answered Young Glory, somewhat surprised at the man's tone.

"This is what I want to say: You're an American, and I hate them, but you've a face that takes my fancy, señor, so I'll go out of my way to give you good advice. You're here because you would not reply to General Palma."

"I suppose so."

"Well, you'll be sent for by the governor of this jail and questioned. Answer him fully, because—"

"Well?"

"If you don't, this cell is a paradise to the one to which you'll be taken."

"I will never betray my country."

"Well, I have warned you. Think it over."

And the great door was closed and barred, and Young Glory was left alone to meditate upon his situation and his probable fate.

CHAPTER XII.

TRIAL OF YOUNG GLORY--THE SENTENCE.

YOUNG GLORY never closed his eyes that night.

It was not the hard bed that kept him awake, for he was used to roughing it. But his brain was in a whirl, and he had much to think over. One consolation in all his trouble remained to him, that he had freed the prisoners of San Jose, and more especially that Kate King was saved.

He made the best meal he could off the miserable fare that was given him, and he was striding up and down the cell when the jailer appeared.

"You're going before them."

"Them?"

"Yes; it's a council, not the governor only."

"Going to try me?"

"No, no, senor, only to question you. Now, I hope you've thought over what I said."

"Yes, I thought it over."

"That's right. Keep up your courage and you'll pull through yet."

Quietly Young Glory thanked him, for he knew that the man meant well, but nothing further passed between them, for the door of a large room was opened at this moment, and into it Young Glory was taken.

Seven men were seated at a long table, and Young Glory was placed exactly opposite the president, who sat in the center of his colleagues.

The president went to business instantly.

"I ask you your name," he said.

"And I make the same answer as I did to General Palma. It is of no consequence, and I refuse to give it."

"Very well. I see you're persistent in your obstinacy," answered the president, calmly. "Let me tell you that this line of conduct is doing you harm."

"I am a prisoner, senor, and I must take the consequences."

"Now, to the point. Your name, as you say, is not material. You may be more than a seaman, having assumed the dress for a purpose."

"I am a seaman only."

"Yet," cried one of the members of the court, "you were seen in the fight to be acting as a leader."

"That men follow me is not a crime. Would you think more highly of me if I was a coward?"

"Enough! We are here to question, not you," said the president, sternly. "We demand to know from you all that is in your power to be told, as to the movements and strength of your ships and men."

"You cannot be serious."

"Senor, we never joke."

"But you're asking me to become a traitor."

"Call it what you please. Your answer."

"A refusal. I will tell you nothing."

"Take care. We have means to tame you."

"I defy you! Do your worst!"

"Prisoner, you are foolish! Self-preservation is the first law of nature. You are in danger; your safety demands that you speak out."

"Such a law is for Spaniards, not Americans," answered Young Glory, defiantly.

"Put him to the torture," said one of the court.

"No, no!"

"You should."

"We will tame him by the way we treat him in the prison."

"But how long will that take? Any information that we get from him must be obtained at once, or it will be valueless."

This view of the matter seemed to embarrass the court, for it was clearly a correct one to take.

"We shall get nothing from him. I wish we could put an end to him. It would be one American brute out of the way, at all events," said the president.

"That we cannot do."

Now the president addressed himself to Young Glory again.

"You have had time to think."

"And I have not changed my mind."

"Supposing we ordered your death?" asked the president, looking at him with a searching glance, to see if the prospect terrified him.

"That you cannot do, though you might be glad if you could. I am a prisoner of war!"

"He lies!" cried a familiar voice. "It is not true, senors. He is a spy!"

Young Glory turned and saw Jose Castro, the man he thought he had killed.

"Lost! Lost!" he muttered. "This is fatality!"

Jose, looking pale and weak, tottered forward as soon as he had finished speaking, and one of the attendants, placing a chair for him, he sank wearily in it.

That his statement had made a sensation was evident.

The president ceased to question, and he and his colleagues were now engaged in earnest consultation. When he spoke the result of it was seen.

"Who are you?" he said, addressing Jose.

"You should know me," he answered, sulkily. "I have done some service for the State. My name is Jose Castro!"

A buzz went round the hall. Everybody had heard of the famous Spanish spy, and heads were eagerly craned forward in order to obtain a better view of him.

"Yes, yes," replied the president, "but you look different. Pardon me for not recognizing you."

"Different! Within three days I have once more had a narrow escape from death. The man who stands there tried to kill me. He stabbed me and left me for death. I lost a lot of blood as my weakness

shows, but the dagger glanced off on my ribs and I was saved."

"Then he is an assassin as well as a spy?"

"He is more than that," said Jose Castro, slowly.

"What?"

"Young Glory!"

The people leaped to their feet. Even the president and his associates could not remain in their chairs. A torrent of execrations were hurled at Young Glory, which he bore calmly and proudly.

Order was soon restored, and the business proceeded.

"Young Glory you are called?"

"I do not deny it."

"That answer decrees your death."

"Once more I say, no! I am a prisoner of war, and demand to be treated as such."

"You are a spy—you know it. That is why you refused to give your name. It condemns you. It was you that blew up the Spanish cruiser at Havana."

"That was in open fight. I was not a spy."

"You went ashore at Cienfuegos and caused the Spanish fleet to sail to destruction."

"They were destroyed because they met braver men and better ships than theirs."

"Very well. We will pass all that. Jose Castro shall be heard. The court is now constituted to try you. The evidence will be heard, and whatever decision is given will be final."

"I protest, but I am in your power."

"Jose Castro!"

"Yes, excellency."

"Tell us your story."

Rapidly Jose told how Young Glory had come ashore three nights ago at Puerta St. Maria, of his capture and subsequent escape.

"There is no doubt," said Jose, "that it was through him the prison was attacked and taken, and the prisoners were released."

"It must be so," said the president.

"I have other proof," continued Jose. "More witnesses."

"Call them. They shall be heard."

At once two peasants appeared. Young Glory realized that his last chance had fled. He recognized the two men who entered the court-room. They were the same two that he and Dan Daly had left in the hut in the mountains.

They gave their evidence very briefly, but clearly.

"You recognize this man?" asked the president, pointing to Young Glory.

"Yes. He was in my hut with a man who had escaped from the prison. That was three days ago. I do not forget him."

"You heard what he said?"

"I understood enough to know that he was ashore for the purpose of secretly visiting the prison of San Jose and its neighborhood."

"Do you wish to question this man, Young Glory?"

"No, senor."

"Then he may go. Now, my man," he continued, addressing his companion, "your story."

The second peasant confirmed his comrade in every particular, and once more Young Glory declined to ask any questions. He knew it was useless.

This concluded the testimony.

"Prisoner," said the president, "your guilt seems clear. The evidence of three witnesses is not contradicted, and you yourself, by your silence, practically admit the truth of what they have stated. There is still time for you to speak."

"I have nothing to say."

The members of the court filed out, and in fifteen minutes they returned to the hall.

Everyone stood up, and a deep silence reigned.

"The court," said the president, speaking slowly and impressively, "has adjudged you guilty. You have been proved to be a spy. Your guilt has been accepted, the sentence only remains to be pronounced. You will be taken to-morrow morning at daybreak to the place of execution and hanged by the neck. When dead, your body will be cast into the river. Have you any request to make?"

"One."

"Name it."

"I claim a soldier's death. Let me be shot."

"You are a spy, and you will be hung. The request is denied."

"I have one more request to make," said Young Glory, speaking with flushed face. "I had almost forgotten it."

"Be quick, then," answered the president, harshly.

"I ask that certain property which was taken from me be restored."

"What property?"

"A locket and a ring."

"These?"

The president pointed to the articles in question, which lay on the table in front of him.

"Yes. They belong to me. I want them."

The president whispered to his colleagues for a few moments.

"My associates," he said, eventually, "will not grant this request."

"Why not?"

"They think," answered the president, sarcastically, "that spies are often thieves. This property is valuable. Most probably you stole it."

Young Glory turned livid with passion at this cowardly insult. For a moment he could scarcely speak.

"Cowards!" he cried, shaking his fist at the president and his colleagues.

"Silence!"

"Only cowards insult a helpless prisoner. I demand that locket and ring; they were handed to me by Captain——"

"Remove that man!"

A hand was clapped over Young Glory's mouth so as to silence him. He was dragged down-stairs to the cells, thrust in one of them, and left in security.

CHAPTER XIII.

VISITORS IN HIS CELL—JOSE CASTRO ONCE MORE.

It seemed to Young Glory that the evening must have been well spent, when the jailer entered, and to the prisoner's surprise, he brought two chairs with him which he set down on the floor.

But his surprise was still greater when, a moment later, two ladies, heavily veiled and dressed entirely in black, followed the jailer into the cell.

"Sisters of mercy!" muttered Young Glory, and this thought brought back to him the death he was soon to die.

He believed that the ladies had come to talk with him and endeavor to give him some consolation.

The jailer retired, shutting the door after him, but remaining without, within call.

A lamp was burning in the cell, and when one of the ladies raised her veil, Young Glory saw that she was quite young, and very handsome, though her face was intensely pale, and bore traces of deep and recent sorrow.

He realized that he had made a mistake. This was no sister of mercy. It was not a veil, but an ordinary Spanish mantilla that covered her head. Her companion, who was much older, sat a few feet behind her.

"Evidently a young lady and her duenna," said Young Glory, who was familiar with Spanish customs.

Young Glory was more astounded than ever.

"Senor," said the young lady, speaking in a very gentle voice, "you have shown your surprise at seeing me here, and there is no wonder at it. You think it curious that two complete strangers should visit you thus."

"Senora, whatever your motive may be, it is not idle curiosity. You have too kind a face to have come on such an errand."

The pale features of the girl colored slightly with pleasure.

"You read my conduct aright, senor," she said. "I have come to you on a matter that is very solemn to me. You will answer me, I know."

"To the best of my ability, senora, I will."

"Do you recognize these?"

And as the girl spoke she held out her hand, and in its palm Young Glory saw the locket and ring that had been taken from him.

His astonishment was great.

"Yes, yes," he exclaimed. "They were my property. The president of the court that sentenced me, branded me as a thief when I claimed them."

"Tell me how you became possessed of them?"

"They belonged to a brave Spanish officer, Captain Manuel Perez, who was killed when the despatch boat of which he was commander, was captured by our men."

The girl burst into tears.

"Calm yourself, dear," said the duenna, leaning forward, and placing her arm on the poor child's

shoulder. "We knew he was dead. Do not weep. He died a glorious death for his country!"

"Yes," said Young Glory, "Manuel Perez fell with his face to the foe. He was a brave man."

The girl ceased weeping. She drank in eagerly this testimony to the dead officer's gallantry.

"Tell me all. I can bear it."

"Senora, it was duty, as our nation and yours were at war, to attack the ship. After a desperate fight the despatch boat was ours. Captain Perez was dying from a wound in the breast. I bent over him as I would over any brave man, to see what aid I could render. I saw there was no hope. All I could do was to stay by him, and give him water from time to time to quench his thirst."

"Thank you, senor, thank you."

"No thanks are required, senora. I only did my duty. The poor captain before he died—which he did in my arms, gave me that ring to keep as a memorial of him."

"Yes, yes."

"The locket was to be handed by me, if I had the opportunity, to his sweetheart, Inez Mora."

"Go on!" cried the girl in an agitated voice.

"Tell her," said Captain Perez, as he lay on the deck of his ship, 'tell her that I loved her to the last, and that I die with her name on my lips!'"

"Manuel! Manuel!" said the poor girl in heart-broken accents.

Young Glory was silent. The grief of the senora was so deep, that it caused him to forget entirely how near he was to his death.

"Senor," said the girl, recovering herself, "I am Inez Mora. I loved Manuel passionately, and I am indeed thankful that he died with a friend near him. Senor, my gratitude to you is eternal."

"You must not blame me," said Young Glory, "for not giving you the locket. I was taken prisoner at the capture of San Jose, and had no chance. How did they come into your possession?"

"I was visiting the daughter of the governor of the prison and saw them."

"Your dead lover, Manuel Perez, did me a great service, senora, which more than canceled any kindness I might have done him. He told me that a young American lady was imprisoned at San Jose, and it was his doing so that caused us to attack the prison and release her."

"And she is free?"

"Yes."

"That is well. For your sake I am glad, senor."

"For my sake! Senora, do you not know that nothing matters to me now? To-morrow at daybreak I die."

"What!"

"Have you not heard? They have sentenced me to a shameful death—that of a spy. I am to be hanged by order of the court."

"My Manuel's friend!" exclaimed the girl, as if she was in a deep reverie.

At length she rose, and the duenna followed her example.

"Senora, before you go, listen to me. You will do for me as much as I did for Manuel Perez. There is a young lady named Kate King, who lives in New York. She is now on the American cruiser Columbia. Tell her, if you can, I was faithful to the end. Senora, farewell."

"Hope!" whispered the girl, and in a moment she and the duenna had gone.

She disappeared so quickly that Young Glory almost thought it was all a dream. But the damp walls around him, and the clanking of the bars as the door was secured, all showed him it was grim reality.

He was almost sorry that this interview had taken place.

It had unsettled his mind, and had awakened in him once more an intense desire to live. The sight of Inez Mora had brought back to his mind Kate King.

Never did he move from the bed on which he was seated until he heard steps approaching his cell. Then he started up.

"The hour of execution is advanced," he said, to himself. "Well, what matters it? To-night or to-morrow morning. Death comes at last."

The door was opened and once more the jailer appeared.

He had a bundle in his hand which he threw on the floor.

"Take off your clothes and dress yourself in these."

Young Glory supposed that it was the Spanish custom that a prisoner should be executed in a particular kind of clothes, so he proceeded to do as he was told.

As he put on the garments, he discovered that he was clothed after the style of a sailor or boatman on the river. He had a suit of coarse blue linen, with a long red sash wound around the waist, and a heavy black hat.

"I'd rather have died as an American," he said to the jailer.

"But you don't want to die."

"Eh?"

"Not a word. Come!"

"But where are you taking me?"

"To freedom."

Young Glory almost staggered backwards, so great was his astonishment.

"You are not joking?" he asked.

"I should think not."

"But you will place yourself in danger. They will know you assisted me."

"Not at all, senor," laughed the man. "When I have placed you in safety, I shall go back to your cell. I shall be found there in the morning, bound and gagged. A friend of mine will do that part of the business."

"But the governor? Will he be deceived?"

"Bah! Every man has his price."

"So the governor knows?"

"I did not say so, but think what you please."

"I thought I heard a footstep!" said Young Glory softly.

"Then remain here. It is quite dark and no one will see us. Yes, there was a step, but it is gone now. Let us get along."

The jailer was so accustomed to the tortuous passages through which they walked that it was an easy matter for him to proceed, notwithstanding the darkness.

At length he halted.

"I can go no further," he said.

"But what am I to do?" asked Young Glory.

"Go right ahead of you. I must not run the danger of being seen. There is a door at the end of this passage. It is unlocked. Open it, you will find help and liberty. Good luck to you."

"Thank you! thank you!" but the jailer had gone before Young Glory's words reached him.

As he felt his way blindly through the gloom, he began, for the first time, to doubt the jailer.

What if it were all a trap that was being set for him, to torture him with the hope of freedom, and then to dash the cup from his lips. He quite conceived that the Spaniards were capable of such a fiendish action, and he was prepared for the worst.

Now an obstacle barred his further progress, and he found it was the door of which the jailer had spoken. It was unlocked, and it opened easily.

Young Glory saw that a river was flowing past the jail.

"The Guadalquivir!" he muttered.

At this moment he heard a faint whistle from the middle of the stream, and as he looked in the direction from where the sound came he saw, for a brief instant only, the flash of a lantern.

The two incidents, taken together, seemed as if they were meant for a signal, and if not intended for him, for whom else could they be meant? Young Glory preferred to believe that it was to him the signal was given, and he felt that he was waited for in the boat.

"I must swim on, then," he said, and without another thought he prepared to slip quietly into the river.

As he did so, he heard a rush of feet behind him. This ended any doubts, and hastened his action. Instead of dropping into the river he sprang quickly into it, and a moment later there was a loud splash, as another body landed in the stream.

As soon as Young Glory came to the surface, a man dashed at him and seized him by the throat.

"You have not escaped yet, Young Glory," he cried, savagely. "Once more I have spoiled your plans!"

It was Jose Castro again!

The struggle was short. The Spaniard was still weak, and in the water, where Young Glory was thoroughly at home, he had no chance whatever.

Young Glory struck him a violent blow in the face with his clenched fist, half stunning the man. Then they both sank together.

An instant later Young Glory, freed from his enemy, reappeared.

The boat had come up. He felt himself seized and dragged into it, where he rolled over exhausted on the bottom.

A shot was fired from the prison! It meant that the escape was known!

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PURSUIT—ON BOARD THE FELUCCA.

"INEZ MORA!" cried Young Glory, when he had looked around him. "Senora, this is noble conduct!"

"Hush! do not speak. Take these oars; you are more accustomed to using them than we are."

Young Glory seized them instantly, sitting down in earnest to his work.

"Where to, senora?"

"To the other side of the river."

It seemed clear to Young Glory that there was no time to lose. He could see torches flashing along the gloomy prison, and lanterns moving rapidly as if the guards and jailers were hurrying to and fro.

"You can see for yourself, Young Glory," said Inez, "how things stand. Your escape has been discovered, and no doubt in a few minutes you will be pursued."

"I know not what will happen to me, senora. Perhaps I may be retaken and carried back to my prison to await my death."

"No, no."

"Even if this should happen, my gratitude to you would be the same."

Young Glory had had time to see who his companions were. Besides Inez, the duenna was the only other occupant of the boat.

Both of them had adopted male attire the better to carry out their purpose, and Inez looked very handsome in her disguise.

"We are followed," said the duenna with a shudder. She had less courage than the young girl. "See! there is a boat leaving the prison."

"True," answered Inez, "but it may not come this way. Perhaps they have not noticed our boat."

"But they have!" cried Young Glory. "They are making straight for us, senora."

"Yes, senor?"

"They are traveling three times as fast as we are, and will overtake us. Are we far from the other side of the river?"

"We are nearly there."

"If they come up, I'll jump in the water, and perhaps get away."

Inez showed that she had some knowledge of boat-ing.

"We are at the pier, senor. Cease rowing; the boat will drift."

Lightly she ran to the bow, held on to the wall, and secured it with the painter.

In a moment, before Young Glory could offer to assist her, she had leaped out on to the wharf.

The duenna trembled so that it required the aid of both Young Glory and Inez to place her on land.

"Good-by, senora!" cried Young Glory. "Once more I thank you!"

Inez grasped his arm as he was hurrying off.

"Are you mad?" she said. "Do you think I would leave you here?"

"You will run into danger by staying."

"And if I leave you to yourself, you will be taken in ten minutes. Alone, and in a strange city, what chance would you have? Follow me, I will be your guide. Julia," she said, speaking to the duenna, "have courage, the worst is over, and there is nothing to fear."

The duenna tried hard to act bravely, so as to be of some assistance to her young mistress.

Inez led the way along by the banks of the river, past a multitude of small craft, some of which lay close to the shore.

"Hark!" cried Young Glory.

They all stopped and listened.

"It is the men from the jail!" exclaimed Inez, in alarm. "They have landed and are coming this way!"

"Oh! what shall we do? We are lost!" gasped the duenna, wringing her hands. "Oh! why did I come?"

"I must leave you!" cried Young Glory.

"No."

"Let me take my chance."

"Madness. Quick! we shall elude them yet. This boat will serve us for a hiding-place. There is no one aboard it. We shall be safe there till they have passed."

Instantly Inez boarded a large, open felucca-rigged craft. The sails were lying loose, exactly as it had fallen when it had been lowered.

"Creep underneath. It will hide us."

Young Glory was lost in admiration. Inez was well worthy of it, for she displayed not only great courage, but much fertility of resource. However, the occasion was too serious for paying compliments, so he said nothing.

"If the Senora Julia continues to sob," said Young Glory, "we shall be heard."

Whereupon Julia managed to keep her feelings under control.

The footsteps were coming nearer now, and they could hear voices.

All held their breath as several men halted on the bank close to the boat, within a few yards of the fugitives. It was a terrible moment.

"I tell you they came this way!" cried an angry voice. "You'll perhaps tell me I can't believe the evidence of my own eyesight next."

"It is easy, Ruiz, to make a mistake in the dark."

"Bah! not when I'm pursuing Young Glory. He is too great a prize."

"It seems to me," said an older man, "that while you two boys are wrangling, the prey is escaping."

You don't expect him to walk into your arms, do you?"

"Right! Let's get away."

"Oh, Young Glory will certainly be recaptured. What's he to do in a strange town without a friend?"

"How little he knows," murmured Young Glory, "what a friend I have found."

The men had gone a few steps when once more they halted.

"An idea's come to me."

"Wonderful! Don't let anybody know it, Ruiz, or they won't take any interest in the war. It's the first you ever had."

"Stop quarreling!"

"All right, old fellow, let's hear it."

"Search these boats, they may have hidden themselves there."

A cold shiver passed over Young Glory. He felt Inez press his hand.

"Courage!" she whispered.

But their alarm was soon at an end. The proposal that had been made met with no support. It meant, so it was agreed, the loss of more valuable time, and then the fugitives had the pleasure of hearing the enemy disappear as fast as their legs would take them.

When a sufficient time had elapsed Inez advised a start.

"We shall meet no one. This place is deserted at this time of night."

"But where are you taking me, senora?"

"I'll explain as we walk."

"We shall be overheard."

"I told you there was not a soul about. Listen, not more than a quarter of a mile from here is a large fishing boat. It belongs to Juan Prado, who married my old nurse. For me he will do anything, senor."

"And what will he do?"

"You will get on his boat. He will hide you there till the morning. Then he will go down the river, taking you with him."

"Will he land me?"

"You must be guided by circumstances. I have told him to obey you in everything. Ah! Here we are. I see his boat at the point, and that's Juan himself waiting for us!"

"One moment, senora."

Inez halted.

"You wish to ask me something?"

"Yes. Does this man know that I am Young Glory?"

"No. He thinks you are a Spaniard, a friend of my family, who has committed an escapade, trifling, but still serious enough to cause you to fly."

"He will discover the fraud."

"No. You speak Spanish like a native. Besides, you need have little to say to him."

"Then you would advise me not to tell him everything?"

"You must not!" exclaimed Inez, earnestly. "Juan is a good fellow but since this war began, he's a most

furious patriot. Much as I love me, I wouldn't answer for your life if he knew that you were an American."

"I will be cautious."

Juan had come up by this time, and recognizing Inez in spite of her costume, he took his hat off and bowed very politely.

"Your servant, senorita. The boat is waiting."

"Thanks, my good Juan. I knew I could trust you, Juan."

"Yes, senorita."

"This is the senor who will travel with you. There is no need for me to say over again what I have already told you."

"I understand, senorita. I am under the gentleman's orders. You will not hear a bad report of me."

Inez and Young Glory parted, for it was clearly imprudent to loiter when the town was being scoured in all directions for the missing prisoner.

Juan took his guest on board the boat, where Young Glory found there was a fair-sized cabin, with several bunks in it. The atmosphere was fearful, an odor of onions, fish and oil pervading the place, but the young hero was so tired he noticed this but little. It was several nights since he had slept properly, and almost as soon as he had laid himself down, he fell asleep.

When he awoke in the morning, the vessel was under way.

A great lateen sail, combined with the swift flowing stream was bearing the felucca rapidly along, though Young Glory saw that the town was still in sight.

He remained in the cabin deeming it safest to avoid observation, for there might be someone connected with the jail in some of the boats that were sailing to and fro.

The next day the felucca was hailed by a despatch boat, which was cruising off the Bay of Cadiz.

"Ahoy! there!" cried a voice. "Stand by! we have some questions to ask you."

Young Glory, who was dozing, instantly aroused himself.

The words were English and this surprised him. The Spaniards muttered something in reply.

"They're haythins, sure," said someone on the steamer, "or they'd be afther spakin' a dacint lingo."

"Talk to me, Dan, I'll answer you!" cried Young Glory, suddenly appearing, for he had recognized his old friend's voice.

There was a joyful shout from the despatch boat as it drew up alongside the felucca.

CHAPTER XV.

YOUNG GLORY IN CADIZ—ON THE WAY TO THE MINE HOUSE.

THAT Young Glory had a great reception may well be imagined.

His friends crowded around him to listen to his story.

"An' faith, the lad knew my voice," said Dan Daly, with a pleased look on his face.

"Recognized the Spanish accent at once, Dan."

Lieutenant Lawrence was still in charge of the de-

despatch boat. He was delighted to see Young Glory again.

"I want to ask one question, sir," said Young Glory, taking him aside.

"I know it," laughed the officer; "you needn't put it. She's all right."

"She!"

"Why, yes—Miss King."

"Then I shall see her. She's on the cruiser?"

"No."

Young Glory's face fell.

"Gone back to New York. We took her to the Columbia, and, meeting an ocean steamer, put her on board. Her father is also safe."

"Well, as she's safe, perhaps I oughtn't to grumble, but I'd like to have seen her, all the same."

"We'd better hurry. Captain Porter will be glad to see Young Glory. He looks upon you as dead. Come, we'll get aboard and travel."

"Sir!"

"Well, what is it?"

"How about the felucca?"

"She's no good to us. Let those two Spaniards aboard clear off with her."

"If the felucca gets back to Cadiz, these men will be able to give valuable information about the despatch boat and the cruiser."

"By jingo! I never thought of that."

"I'd like to talk to you, sir, if you'd come into the cabin."

Lieutenant Lawrence followed Young Glory, and sat down in the ill-smelling place.

"Don't keep me long," said the lieutenant, with a look of disgust. "I can't exist here. Now, what is it?"

"I want that felucca!"

"You want the felucca?" echoed Lieutenant Lawrence, in tones of amazement.

"Yes, sir."

"But what for?"

"An expedition. I'll tell you all about it. I've picked up a good deal of news since I've been away. There's a dock-yard, near Cadiz, called Trocadero."

"I've heard of it."

"From there the Spanish mail boats sail for Havana."

"Well?"

"At the present time they have two of these fast steamers there. They're working hard to fit them out as armed cruisers. Then they'll be sent out as commerce destroyers."

"They won't get out of this part so long as the Columbia's about."

"Who knows? The first foggy night they'll give us the slip."

"No doubt."

"Well, prevention is better than cure."

"A very good saying, but where does it apply?"

"Like this, sir. If those two boats are destroyed there's an end of them."

"If they are. But whose to do it. We can't land

any troops near Cadiz. The channels are all well protected, and a great Spanish army is massed there. It is out of the question."

"Give me the felucca and twenty men and I'll do it."

"By jingo!" he said. "I believe you'd do anything."

"Except," laughed Young Glory, "to jump up as you did, sir, and knock my head off against the deck."

Lieutenant Lawrence rubbed his head, and sat down again.

"I don't know what to say about this."

"Captain Porter would make no objection."

"If it could be done it would be a wonderful piece of service to us. There's no denying that."

"Come, make your decision, sir. There's no time to be lost. If I strike it must be quickly. I shall land to-night."

The lieutenant was silent for a minute. Then he gave his decision.

"You shall have the felucca and your twenty men, Young Glory," he said. "Whatever you undertake succeeds. Let's hope this will. Who d'you want with you?"

"Dan Daly for one. The rest don't matter."

"Very well. I'll let you have some ammunition. We'll get everything in shape at once."

They went back to the deck.

"My lads," said Lieutenant Lawrence, to the blue jackets, "Young Glory, with Dan Daly is about to start on a certain expedition. As Young Glory suggested the enterprise I need not tell you that it's of a highly dangerous nature. No man need go unless he pleases. I want twenty men. Who'll volunteer?"

"I will!"

A terrific shout was the reply. It seemed as if every man on the despatch boat had spoken, which was indeed the case. The lieutenant was delighted at the brave spirit of the men.

"Thanks, lads, thanks, but you can't all go. Choose for yourselves."

Fifteen minutes later the despatch boat and the felucca had parted company. Young Glory in the latter began to cruise about the bay, simply to kill time. His men had orders not to show themselves more than was necessary, and to alter their appearance with the materials at hand, so as to resemble Spaniards as far as possible.

Dan and Young Glory sat in the cabin.

"An' ye want to be into mischief again, lad? Faith, it's the grass niver grows under your feet!"

"You can't complain. It's a lively time I always give you."

"Lively!"

"Yes. Now, look here, Dan, this little affair takes the cake. I don't mind telling you it's risky. You know the Trocadero dock-yard?"

"Yes; shure!"

"Well, we land there to-night?"

"What!"

"We land there to-night," continued Young Glory, not noticing the lieutenant's surprise, "and we're going to burn the two mail steamers lying there."

Dan looked long at Young Glory without speaking. The bold project had deprived him of all power of utterance.

"Now, I needn't tell you, Dan, this isn't an easy thing to do."

"It isn't aisy. Thru for ye."

"First, we'll have to land."

"Yes, we'll have to land."

"Don't talk like a parrot. We'll have to land, and there are a good many mines to pass over. That's another danger."

"An' about fifty thousand of them dons waitin' for us wid fixed bay'nets when we step ashore."

"We must keep out of their way."

"But the mines? Them's the boys that sends a cold shiver down me back."

"I have a plan. All the mines are worked from the shore by wires, and they all lead to one house, where the men sit ready to fire them."

"It's a job I'd like."

"Now, someone will have to land and cut these wires. You see."

"Murther! who's to do it!"

"I am. That's my work. Oh! look so scared! this thing's going through, right enough. What a cheer these fellows on the ship will give when they see the flames rising."

"Faith, it'll look better from a distance."

"Who knows? Brace up, Dan. You're going to have a most enjoyable night."

Young Glory busied himself in giving orders.

He told the men that he meant to run right into Trocadero. The Spaniards would simply take the boat for an ordinary fishing felucca, but in order to carry out this deception, all the men but two must hide.

"You two men speak Spanish," said the 'gallant young leader. "I shall land, because I have work to do. You'll be left in charge and have to do the talking in case any one questions you. Everybody understands his business now?"

"Yes, yes."

"Very well. Get below. We're running pretty close in and may be seen."

It was drawing towards evening now. In a few minutes it would be quite dark, for there was no twilight.

Young Glory had marked the spot where he intended to land. It was within a short distance of the two great mail steamers, and as soon as ever night came he steered for this point, running right into the pier without difficulty, and without being challenged.

When he stepped ashore he was instantly stopped. However, he had no difficulty in satisfying the official that he was merely a fisherman.

"No. I saw nothing of any Yankee ship, senor," he said, in reply to a question. "Caramba! but I didn't go far out. It's not safe."

"Very soon it will be," answered the Spanish official, hotly. "We'll chase those pigs off the seas."

Quietly Young Glory laughed at this assurance as he wended his way along through a number of workmen, stopping to look at the two steamers as he passed.

Great piles of wood lay alongside the vessels. Men were carrying ammunition on board, but there was everywhere a lack of discipline, such as the most casual observer invariably notices amongst the Spaniards.

"It can be done!" muttered Young Glory.

He knew where the house was from which the mines were fired, for Juan had pointed it out when he was on board the felucca.

So he speedily got near it. Now, he had to be very cautious, for there were sentries on duty, and careless though they were, it would be no easy matter to pass them.

The ground was low and swampy. All around were lagoons, as they are called; these being trenches, into which the sea water was allowed to run, and from which salt was obtained by evaporation.

Seeing two men coming, Young Glory sprang into the nearest pit, which happened, fortunately, to be dry.

The men stopped close to him.

"You will go and relieve Garcia in the mine room," said one, who spoke in a tone of command. "The password is 'Spain and Victory.' Say those words and show this badge, and you will be admitted."

The officer turned on his heel and departed. The soldier stood for a moment or two, appearing to be undecided how to act. Evidently he wished to go somewhere before he went to the mine room, and was waiting for his officer to disappear.

There he was, standing on the edge of the pit in which Young Glory was hiding.

"A great stroke of luck," said Young Glory to himself. "Everything going well to-night."

He jumped up suddenly, seized the Spaniard around the legs and threw him heavily backwards. Then, before the man could utter a shout, Young Glory, dagger in hand, stood over him.

CHAPTER XVI.

CONCLUSION.

"Not a word, or you die!" hissed Young Glory, and instantly he bound a handkerchief around the Spaniard's mouth, as he lay on his back in the pit.

Then he took the Spaniard's coat and trousers, handing him his own in exchange. Putting the military cap on his head he looked now, a perfect Spanish soldier.

"Get away if you can," said Young Glory, binding the Spaniard's legs together.

He served the arms in the same way, and was satisfied that the man was harmless.

No one was about, so Young Glory jumped out of the pit, and hurried towards the mine-house.

"Spain and victory!" he said to the first sentry he

reached, and the words passed him without difficulty.

But when he reached the door of the mine-house the password was not sufficient.

The guard refused to allow him to proceed.

"I came to relieve Garcia," said Young Glory.

"The password?"

"I have given it. Spain and victory."

"Is that all?"

"No. I have this."

"Let me see it. Good, the badge. You can pass."

With beating heart, Young Glory trod the few steps that led to the switch room. Opening the door he saw two men there, sitting amidst levers and switches, which were ready, by the pressure of a finger, to do their deadly work.

"Late again," said one of the soldiers, gruffly, "I'm wanting to go."

"Well, go, Garcia," answered Young Glory, knowing from the talk that this was the man he had come to relieve. "I'm not preventing you. When shall you be back?"

"In two hours."

"Right."

Garcia was only too glad to get away, and Young Glory was left alone with the other man.

"Comrade," said the latter.

"Well."

"I don't know your face. You're not one of ours."

"I don't belong to your regiment, that's true."

The man was staring hard at him.

"You have a sailor's shirt under your jacket, eh? What does this men?"

Young Glory had carelessly forgotten to button his tunic. He saw he must act promptly, for the Spaniard's suspicions were aroused.

"It means," he said, rising, and holding a dagger at the man's breast, "that if you say a word you're a dead man."

The man was astounded.

His lips moved.

"Listen!" hissed Young Glory, in a whisper, and completely cowed the soldier.

He had some more cord with him, and it took but a few minutes for a sailor like Young Glory to have his victim fastened up in bonds from which there was no escaping.

He laid the man at full length under a long table covered with plans, that stood at one side of the room.

"Two hours," said Young Glory to himself. "That fellow said he'd be back in two hours. That's long enough, but suppose any one comes sooner? Then I'm in the soup. I know what I'll do. I'll secure the door and skip."

To fasten the door was the work of a very few minutes. To get away without being seen was not so easy. But Young Glory managed to slip down to the ground from a window, and then with much patience he succeeded in crawling away in the darkness without being seen by the sentry.

He quickened his steps and soon reached the dock yard.

The place was practically deserted now. A few soldiers and sailors were lounging about, but work on the ships was suspended for the night.

Young Glory went on one of the ships, finding no objection was made to his doing so. His uniform passed him everywhere. Then he slowly sauntered towards the felucca.

"All goes well," he said to the astonished seaman, who was seated at the bow.

"Young Glory! in that dress!"

"Why not?" laughed the young hero. "It suits me, so they say. Is any one looking? Tell me, for I mustn't be seen boarding this craft."

"No one."

"Good!"

Young Glory went at once to the cabin where Dan Daly was.

"Arrah, an' it's a gineral ye are now. An' have ye done anything, me darlin'?"

"Took possession of the mine-house, and fastened the guard up securely. I thought that better than cutting the wires. In fact, I don't think I could have managed to cut them."

"Ye're a wonder. Then they can't blow us up when we're running away?"

"No."

"Faith, it's mighty comfortable that little knowledge makes a man feel."

"We've no time to spend in gossip, Dan. The time's come to carry out our work. We can do it more easily than I imagined. There's little discipline kept, and it's easy to pass aboard the ships. The men have got the stuff?"

"Yes."

"Well soaked with oil?"

"Shure!"

"Then they must take their chances. Find the most likely spot on the ships, and wait for the signal."

"What signal?"

"A whistle. I shall give it, so that everyone of the men may light his torch at the same moment. Then back to the felucca. That's the programme."

"It's two men should be left here, Young Glory, so's to be ready to sail at once."

"True; that shall be done."

Gradually all the men from the Columbia found themselves on the pier with the exception of the two who were in charge of the felucca.

They had, as Young Glory told them would be the case, no difficulty in obtaining access to the boats. The great steamer was almost deserted, for work was over, and the only people on board, besides the sentries, were the few Spaniards at Trocadero dock-yard, who passed to and fro for want of something better to do.

Young Glory stood midway between the two ships. It was necessary to allow a sufficient time to elapse before giving the signal, so that all his men should be in a position to do the work.

As he was standing on the dock-yard wall, by the side of the water, two officers passed him. One of them he recognized in a moment. It was the captain who had sent the soldier to relieve Garcia.

"I must get to the mine-house at once," Young Glory heard him say. Of course, his doing so meant instant discovery of what had been done there. So there was clearly no time to lose. Delay meant ruin, and perhaps action amounted to the same thing, for none of the men might be ready.

However, to wait was fatal, and chances, as Young Glory felt, must be taken.

The officers were far away now. The fateful moment had arrived. Young Glory put the whistle to his lips, and blew on it a loud and clear note.

Hearing the sound, many of the sentries on the ships rushed to the ship's sides, and glanced down into the dock yard. All they saw was Young Glory pacing to and fro, and he excited no suspicion.

Two men came from one of the ships.

"It's done!" cried one of the men.

"Treason! Treason!" exclaimed a voice in Spanish. "Seize those men!"

A great flame burst out from one of the ships.

"Fire! Fire!" cried panic-stricken men. Instantly a great bell was rung, shots were fired, and all was turmoil and confusion. Soldiers came hurrying from the camp, and workmen from their houses. Many of these people rushed on the ships to try and fight the flames which were fast spreading.

"Back to the felucca, lads," said Young Glory.

The men needed no order to do this. They were on their way when he spoke, and very soon found themselves aboard.

"Are we all here?" said Young Glory.

"Yes," answered one of the men. "I counted you as you came on board."

"Push her off, lads, work for your lives. Get her clear off the pier, and we shall catch the breeze at once and fly."

"Treason! Treason!" cried a voice at this point. "The traitors are escaping. They are in the felucca."

So much confusion reigned, that notwithstanding this denunciation, it was quite a few moments before the officials knew to whom the words referred. This had given the felucca time to glide down by the pier into the bay. Her great lanteen sail was spread to the breeze. She caught the wind, and with Young Glory at the helm she cut through the water, increasing her speed every moment.

But she had been seen. Already the Spaniards were firing at her with their rifles, and they were dragging some cannon down to train on the ship.

"The steamers burn," said Young Glory, gleefully, gazing back at the work of destruction achieved by himself and his comrades.

"An' faith, there's no blowin' them out," observed Dan. "There's too much wind."

"There's something going on at the mine-house," exclaimed a sailor, coming up quickly.

"Lights! Ha!" cried Young Glory, "they've discovered my work. If the door holds a few minutes we're safe. If it doesn't then good-by. We'll all rise in the air and never come down."

This was an awful position. It was fighting against an invisible enemy, who might at any moment destroy them, and brave men though these sailors were, they could not help feeling a thrill of horror as they realized the awful fact.

Young Glory alone never trembled. He sat at the helm giving his orders with an air of unconcern that excited the wonder and the admiration of his comrades.

Every moment the danger lessened. The felucca drew little water, and it soon became quite doubtful if any of the mines, even if they were fired, would prove destructive to her.

Most of the men felt reassured. They stood looking back at the great blaze which lit up the sky. It seemed as if the whole dock-yard was on fire, not merely the two steamers, and afterwards they heard that this was so. The gallant work of Young Glory had resulted in the destruction of the ships, the buildings and an immense quantity of ammunition and stores which had been collected at the dock-yard.

And now they were safe.

There was the Columbia coming to meet them. The cruiser was standing in. The despatch boat was close at hand.

Captain Porter was the first to greet Young Glory as he came up the gangway.

"Your crowning work, my lad," he said, heartily. "And here in front of your comrades, in the name of the United States, I thank you for your gallant deed!"

A cheer from five hundred throats echoed this praise, and Young Glory, surrounded by his comrades, was caught up by his messmates and borne in triumph away.

* * * * *

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